

20, 1916

JOHN BULL  
NUMBER

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BRITISH POSSESSIONS

# VANITY FAIR



## Are you marooned? Are you out of the swim?

**I**F so, Vanity Fair will launch you on the crest of the waves—into the mad currents of metropolitan life. It will buoy you up and sustain you in the whirling world of New York. It will serve as your little social life-boat. It will chaperon you, without trouble (or expense of taxicabs), in New York's most frigid, marble-and-gold society; show you the widely discussed paintings and sculptures; take you behind the scenes at the theatres; tell you what to ramble on about at dinners and dances; show you where to go shopping.

### You will become a regular person

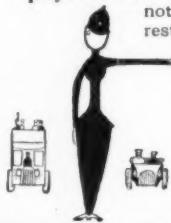
It will whisper addresses where you can fox-trot (even if you are happily married); present you to the more portentous metropolitan celebrities; give you plenty of golf and other sports; buy you a good dog or motor car; accelerate the pulse of your brain; tone up your heart action; in short, transfer you from a social back-number into a regular Class A, human being.

**V**ANITY FAIR is one of the newest successes in the magazine field. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy or \$3 a year. It is a mirror of life, original and picturesque; informal, personal, intimate, frivolous, unconventional, but with a point of view at once wholesome, stimulating and refreshing.

Take the cream of your favorite magazines of the theatre, sports, books and art. Add the sprightly qualities of such publications as The Sketch, The Tatler and La Vie Parisienne with something of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—all within beautiful color covers—and you have a general idea of Vanity Fair.

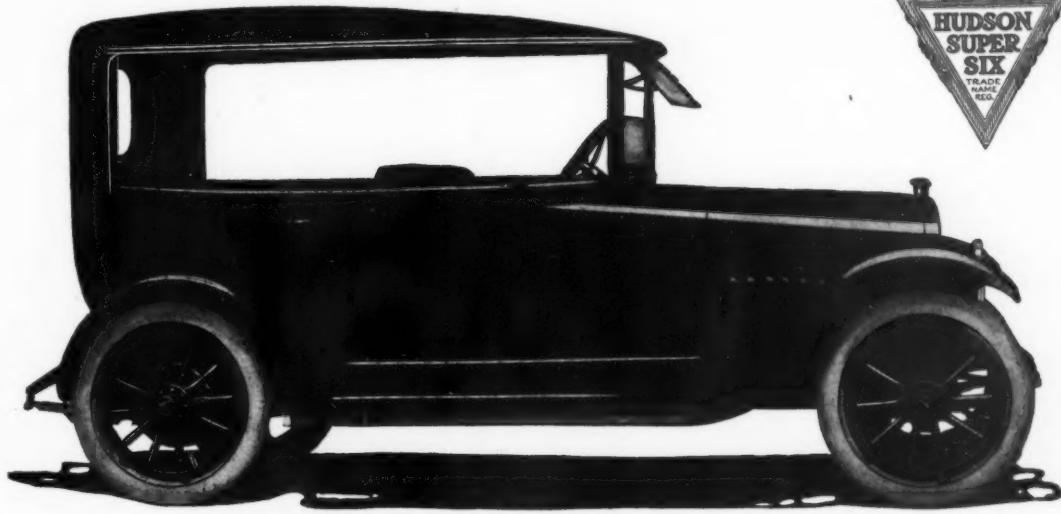
### Come in: the water's fine!

**Y**OU think nothing, in your poor deluded way, of paying \$2 for a theatre ticket, or for a new book, but you can secure, for \$2, nearly a year of Vanity Fair, and with it more entertainment than you can derive from dozens of sex plays or a shelffull of problem novels. Why not get in on our special rest-of-the-year offer?



Stop where you are!  
Tear off that coupon!

VANITY FAIR, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York City  
Please enter my subscription to VANITY FAIR for the rest of 1916, beginning with the  
current issue, at the special rate of \$2.00, offered to readers of LIFE. I will send you my favorite two dollar bill, two  
weeks afterward, on receipt of your bill for that amount.  
Name.....  
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*With the Plate Glass Windows Down*

# Hudson Touring Sedan

*An All-Days Model of the Hudson Super-Six*

Here is a body-style—a Hudson creation—which has met a widespread want.

This year's output of this model will be multiplied tenfold. That to cope with its vast popularity.

It is a 365-day car.

A theatre car and a day car.

A lady's car and a man's car.

A car for winter and summer, for fair days and foul, for touring and for town.

## NOT A COMPROMISE

It isn't a compromise—not a half-and-half car—not a patched-on extra top.

With the windows up it is a luxurious Sedan. It suggests nothing but a Sedan. The costliest electric brougham is not more daintily appointed.

There are seats for seven, all in one compartment. But two disappear when not wanted.

Even a child can drive it.

With the windows down, as pictured, the sides are entirely clear. Not a sash or a brace in the way. Then you have an ideal Touring Car.

Thus it means one car for all days and all seasons. And the price is \$1900 at Detroit.

## SIX LUXURY CARS

This year, in the Hudson Super-Six, we bring out six luxury models.

Two are open, two are closed, and two are all-season, like this Touring Sedan.

Each attains the utmost in luxurious beauty for that type of car. Each is a masterpiece of the body-building art. Each will delight you by its evident distinction.

You will find in these—at modest prices—all that extravagance can buy. Not a model built, in any like type, warrants paying more.

## A MARVELOUS MOTOR

All these bodies contain a new patented motor, found only in Hudson cars.

It has officially broken every stock car record in essentials of fine performance. It has outrivaled Eights and Twelves.

It shows 76 horsepower. That is 80 per cent more than the best former Six in same size. And that whole increase comes through wiping out vibration.

So it means such quiet operation that one almost forgets the motor. The car seems to move by magic. Never, before has such bird-like motion been attained at every speed. Never such quick response, such flexibility. And never such reserve power in a motor of this size.

So you get a motor which has proved itself the finest motor built. You get the most artistic bodies shown. Both of these in our new cars—the Hudson Super-Six.

You will find them on exhibit at your local Hudson showroom.

The Super-Six as a 7-Passenger Phaeton  
Costs \$1375 at Detroit.  
Ask for our Super-Six Catalog.

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.**



*Life Talks on Getting Ready*

3  
mo's.  
or a  
year,  
Life, ac-  
cording to  
how much you  
find enclosed.

who \_\_\_\_\_

where \_\_\_\_\_

" \_\_\_\_\_

1. There be divers voices in the land, many and strong, and some there be for Peace and others for Preparedness.

2. Now there is one Life, an American paper, by Americans for Americans, that believeth the part of valor is to Get Ready.

3. Hence there cometh to a waiting world, upon the week after the next one, the Get-Ready Number, that wisely and most strenuously doth insist upon Peaceful Preparation ac-

companied by wise discrimination.

4. The Price of this Get-Ready Number hath already been fixed at ten cents. But,

5. The wise man listeneth to the voice of the Prophet and heedeth his monition, which is, to become a regular subscriber at once, taking due advantage of a very special offer, namely;

6. Three months for one dollar, open only to new subscribers and not including foreign or Canadian postage, which is extra.

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Domestic, \$5  
Canadian, \$5.52  
Foreign, \$6.04

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(Open only to new names)

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street  
New York



*Colonel John Bull:* "I BELIEVE IN HAVING PLENTY OF RESERVES AND IN GETTING THEM IN GOOD CONDITION."

*Johnnie Walker:* "YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT—THAT'S BEEN OUR POLICY SINCE 1820."

There were plenty of "reserves" called to the Johnnie Walker colours in 1906 to answer all the 1916 demands for the Red Label—perfectly "conditioned" and safeguarded by the famous non-refillable bottle.

Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label is over 10 years old.

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JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

## LOCOMOBILE

*THE satisfaction of owning the Locomobile is due to its good style and taste, its riding ease, its solid expensive construction. It is an equal satisfaction to know that the production is strictly limited to Four Cars a Day in order that each car will receive intimate individual attention during the many months it is being built and the many years that it will be used.*

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA

*Makers of Fine Motor Cars*



## *Uncle Sam to John Bull*

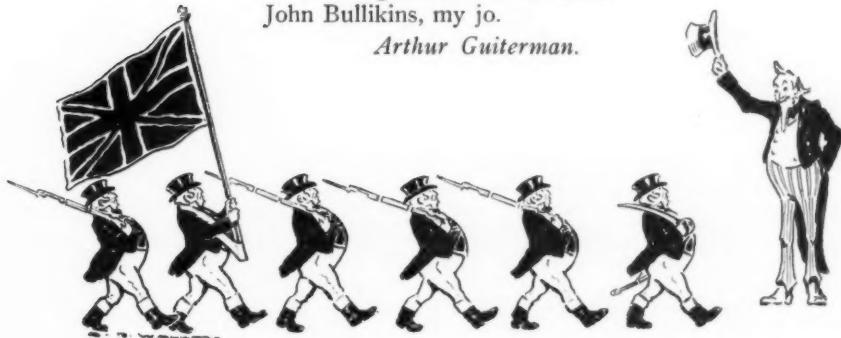
JOHN BULLIKINS, my jo,  
John,  
We've known each other long.  
I've sometimes thought you right,  
John,  
And often thought you wrong.  
We've had our little tiffs, John;  
Yet, whether friend or foe,  
I've nursed a high regard for you,  
John Bullikins, my jo.



John Bullikins, my jo, John,  
When all is said and done,  
A better friend than you, John,  
Is not beneath the sun.  
You've planted noble realms,  
John,  
Where men may freely grow;  
I wouldn't lose you for the  
world,  
John Bullikins, my jo.

John Bullikins, my jo, John,  
What bunglers we have been!—  
For I'm a bungler, too, John,  
Which makes us closer kin.  
We'll somehow blunder through,  
John;  
Then humbly we will go  
To school together, hand-in-hand,  
John Bullikins, my jo.

*Arthur Guiterman.*







IN LONDON  
"IF I SAY MY PRAYERS TO-NIGHT, MAMMA, WILL THEY GET BY THE ZEPPELINS?"

gling past to the open sea, and American blood ran warmer at the story. A little later, in Manila Bay, we found a friend. Things have gone better between the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes since '98.

The backbone of the United States is made of precisely the same materials as the backbone of the British Empire. It is English, Scotch and Irish. The language, literature and political ideals of the United States are of the same derivation. That is why in this world-crisis we have seen things as we have. It has not been that the British propaganda has captured us. It has been that, with the minds we have, we could not see the case otherwise than we have seen it. We have been for the Allies because we were born so; born

to the faith that is in them and to faith in them who hold that faith; born to the duty which they have accepted—to keep liberty alive in the world and maintain it against the domination of calculated and machine-made efficiency.

To us of the English stock the Great War seems to bring a summons to wear our English derivation with somewhat more assertion. The Irish love Ireland openly and are not expected to apologize; American Scots show an open kindness for Scotland; Germans love their fatherland under any sun. Is it only to be England that men sprung from her loins may not care for?

Who says that? Surely not we whose English derivation is all the root we have, who are lawful heirs of a

tradition and literature the greatest, all counted, since Rome and Greece. We have been too modest. Poll us in these States and we are a greater company by much than all the rest, the longest planted here, and surely not the least powerful or least worthy.

Who is the anchor at the end of the Allies' rope in the great tug-of-war? Who but our blood-cousin, John Bull! There he stands, with planted feet, sweating and sore beset; his muscles lame, but holding on.

Hold on, John Bull, hold on! There are those across the seas who care for you; who hold with you now in daylight and in dark so far as yet they may, and will gladly hold with you in face of all comers when Fate permits it. Hold on, John Bull!

## A Prayer of the English

WE drew the sword—but not for selfish gain—  
 That we might keep our faith, and help the weak.  
 Wherefore, O Lord, have pity on our pain;  
 We listen. Speak,  
 And lead us forth to victory in Thy name,  
 That once again may peace be in all lands,  
 That little children starve and die no more,  
 And where the cannon stands  
 To mow down men in ghastly, bleeding swaths,  
 Again may happy peoples till the soil,  
 Knowing that never war-mad tyrant's paths  
 Shall lead them from their toil.  
 Oh, hear us, Lord. Thou knowest well our hearts;  
 Thou knowest that we strive to do Thy will.  
 Help us that we may stoutly play our parts  
 As fits Thy people still.

Dwight Spurr.

**H**E'S a terrible failure as a dog, isn't he?"  
 "The limit. I call him Dardy—that's short for Dardanelles."



"HE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL HE GETS IT"  
 (With apologies to Pears's soap)

## Why Not Run Bird?

FORMER CANDIDATE CHARLES SUMNER BIRD of Massachusetts has written to Chairman George W. Perkins of the Progressive National Committee that Hughes and Roosevelt are the only two men who can beat Wilson, and that the Republicans must nominate one or the other of them if they expect to win.

"Theodore Roosevelt for President!" exclaims Mr. Bird; "Elihu Root for Secretary of State! What a sigh of confidence and relief would come from every section of the country!"

Has Mr. Bird any assurance that if Mr. Roosevelt were elected President Mr. Root would be his Secretary of State? The last heard of these gentlemen they were not pulling together.

Mr. Bird seems able to get more votes than any other Progressive, except Hiram Johnson in California.

Why not run Bird? Bird for President and Root for Secretary of State! Roosevelt for counsel, maybe! The Republicans will be lucky if they get as good a man as Mr. Bird to head their ticket. He is the leading Progressive; the best link, moreover, between Roosevelt and Root.

## Getting Something to Read

THE other day a man in New York paid nearly a million dollars for a library of books because they contained a lot of good reading; or so it was reported in the papers.

It is a good idea to buy books for the purpose of reading them, and it is highly conceivable that in a million dollars' worth of them there is a chance that a few are worth reading. Especially if they are old books. A million dollars has been spent in worse ways—in founding certain newspapers, for example.

**H**AS your best girl gone back on you?"

THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT: You'll have to wait until I consult my card index system.

## This Is the Way They Do It

WORKS of Robert Browning, a poet. London (any old date).

Life of Robert Browning. By Cadwallader Caper.

Life of Cadwallader Caper, the man who wrote the life of Robert Browning. By Eugenia Jibber.

Life of Eugenia Jibber, who wrote the life of Cadwallader Caper, who wrote the life of Robert Browning, with intimate correspondence between the Jibbers and the Capers, all edited by Blissfield Kerfloperton.

Life of Blissfield Kerfloperton, who edited the correspondence between—etc., etc.,—and who in this work, completed during his last illness, was assisted by a beautiful trained nurse named Miss Mabel Bedticker.

Life of Miss Mabel Bedticker, the trained nurse who assisted Blissfield Kerfloperton, who—(and so on *ad infinitum*).



"COUSIN JOHNNY"

**Mobilization Next**

**W**Ashington, Jan. 25th.—Conscription of professional humorists throughout the country is still going merrily on. Several companies reported for duty to-day. It is expected that eventually every professional humorist in the country will be under arms. A funereal atmosphere hangs over this city.

Said an officer of the National Guard:

"The new regiments of professional humorists promise to make good results. They are stern and unrelenting in their work, and have an untiring patience. Owing to the lives they lead at home, however, they are rarely seen to laugh. If they can be made more cheerful they will beat the world as fighters."

**T**HE pension is mightier than the sword.

**Ballad of British Blessings**

**G**ERMANY invented sausage,  
And Jamaica gave us rum,  
France discovered wine and logic,  
And the U. S. chewing-gum;  
But of all recorded blessings  
In the land of Stars and Stripes  
Three there are we owe to England—  
Beef and beer and briar pipes!

When the Spanish Grand Armada  
(Manned by vegetarians)  
Thought to overwhelm the island,  
How they failed in all their plans!  
Those who live on fish and omelet  
Or on chitterlings and tripe  
Ne'er will be a match for British  
Beef and beer and briar pipes!

Czechs and Croats and Finns and  
Lascars

May find nuts enough to eat,  
But John Bull needs sterner rations  
For an empire and a fleet.  
He is sometimes slow in starting,  
But—he sticks to what he gripes,  
Grins a little, and enjoys his  
Beef and beer and briar pipes!

*Christopher Morley.*

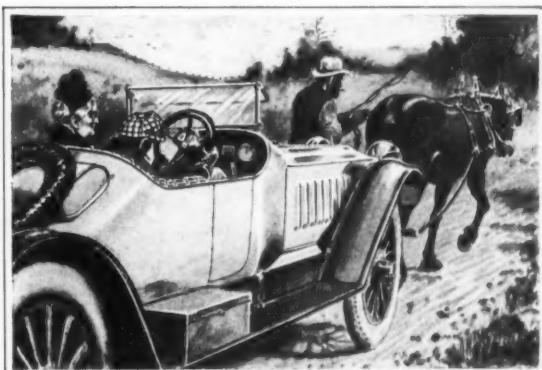
**Margins**

**F**IRST COAL DEALER: How much profit  
are you making on a ton now?

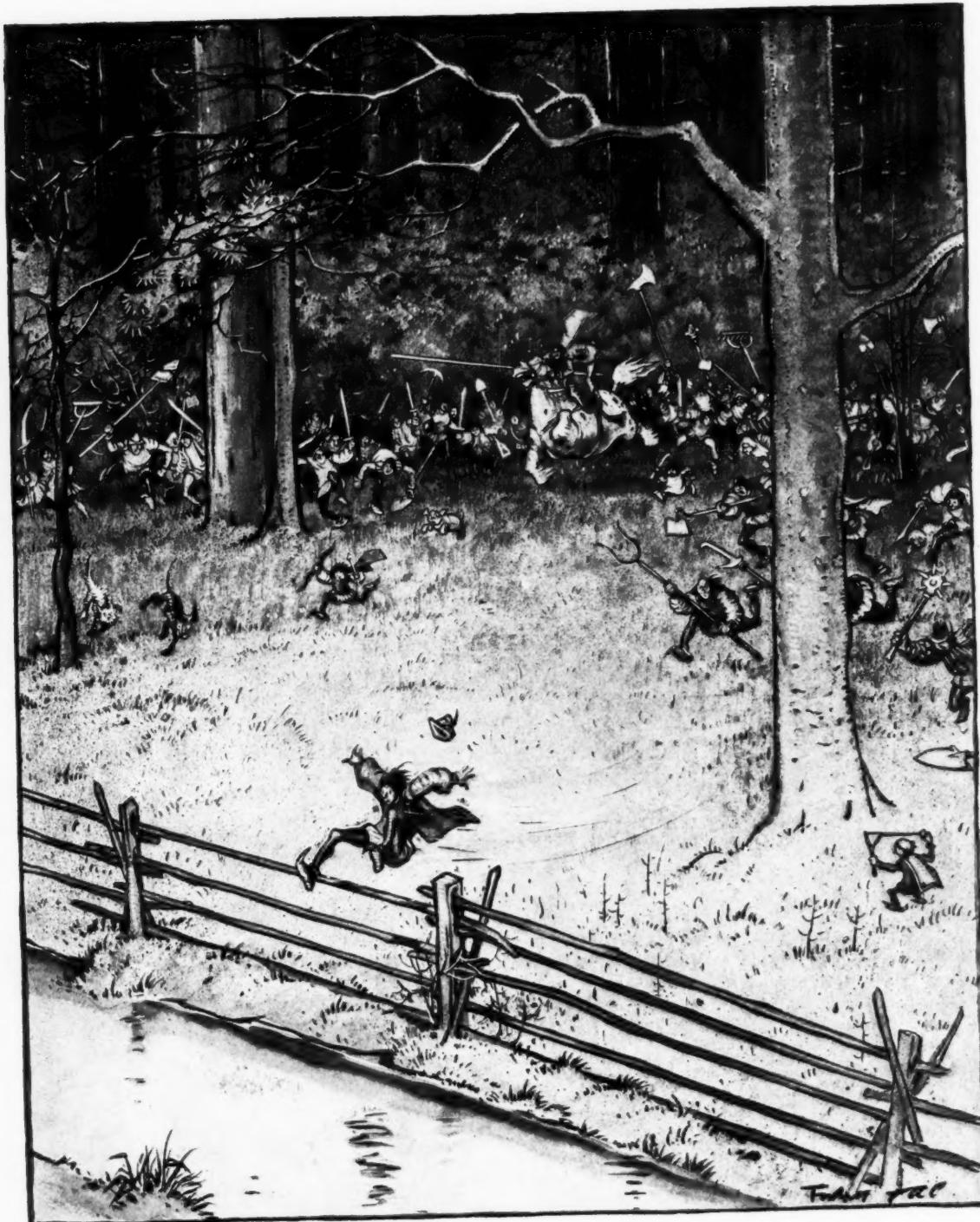
**S**econd Coal Dealer: Twenty-five per cent.

"Why, that's a good deal more than I am making."

"But you sell to the rich in large lots. I sell to the poor in pailfuls."



*His Aunt: ISN'T THIS DELIGHTFUL! IT'S THE FIRST TIME  
I HAVE REALLY ENJOYED AN AUTO*



IN YE GOODE OLDE ENGLISH DAYS  
SETTLING WYTH YE TAX-GATHERER

### Excused by the Belgians

AS to what a neighbor calls "the incessant complaint" that our government was false to duty in not protesting to Germany against the invasion of Belgium, it is worth remarking that it comes from almost every people but the Belgians. None of the countries that got into the war was able to do any good to the Belgians in Belgium. Holland, a neutral, was a refuge for many of them. Uncle Sam, by keeping his hands free, was able to be truly serviceable in providing relief, and especially in organizing and maintaining a system of distributing relief which is still successfully working.

This service seems to have been appreciated by the Belgians even beyond its deserts. They are now, apparently, about the only people in Europe who think kindly of the United States. It seems as if they preferred our supplies and distributary activities to a protest that would probably have shut us out from being practically useful to them.

It may be that what the Belgians think of us and of our neglect to protest is of no consequence; that the principle was what mattered, and not the Belgians. This is apparently the view of the incessant complainers, but it seems not to be the view of the Belgians. To them the Belgians seem important, and to them it seems, apparently, a better work to have tried effectively, and still to try, to keep them alive than to have protested against their extinction.

### An Incipient List

IN an age when efficiency is considered to be so highly desirable, it is singular that no student has attempted to make out a list of the most uninteresting subjects. To anyone gifted with mathematical fervor and a sense of social uplift, this problem ought not to be too uninteresting, although it would naturally deal with uninteresting things. Here is a list, humbly presented, not expected to be final, and offered only as a fair basis:

Death-bed movies.

The Albany State Journal.

Vice-President Marshall.

Hicks Street, Brooklyn.

The War Opinions of anybody.

The Tariff.



"I ALWAYS DID LIKE MUSIC WITH MY MEALS!"

### The American Woman's Voice

ONE happy result of the woman suffrage movement has been its effect upon the American woman's voice. This has never been what it ought to be, "ever soft and low," and it is not yet what it ought to be, but it is better than it was. As women come to talk from the public platform more and more, they learn to use their voices. Each local orator—and every community, no matter how small, now has one or more—exerts an uncon-

scious effect upon her own circle. The result is that our women's voices are undoubtedly getting less strident, less rasping. Many of them cannot now be heard above a steam clarion.

### Sight Unseen

**H**EAD OF FIRM: How long do you want to be away on your wedding trip?

**HAWKINS (timidly):** Well, sir—er—what would you say?

**"How do I know? I haven't seen the bride."**



**Y**T ys ye bolde SIR TANTRUMME  
Who goeth forthe to warre.  
With steele he ys yclad yhind,  
With dittoe clad yfore—  
Ta-ra!  
He thyrsteth after gore.

### II

Wytnin a cavern danke and chille  
There dwelles a gyaunt grymme:  
He hairy ys from toppe to toe:  
Hys manneres are not comme il faut—  
Yn facte, he ys a bit de trop—  
Ye Prynnesse talle and slimme—  
Ub-glub!  
Ys soupe to nuttes for hym.

### III

SIR TANTRUMME to ye crossroads comes  
Atte nyne o'clocke atte nyghte.  
One way yt leadeth to ye lefte,  
Ye other to ye ryghte—  
Ho-humme!  
'Tys muche too late to fygthe

### IV

Atte mentioun of ye gyaunt's name  
Ye genial hooste turns pale—  
SIR TANTRUMME says that on ye morne  
He'll make ye gyaunt quale.  
What-hoe!  
Another stoupe of ale.

# •YE• Veracious Ballad OF Sir Tantrumme,



### V

Ye knyghte ys here asleepe, wyth his  
Alarme-clocke sette for syx.  
He dreams of slayinge dragouns nowe,  
And savyng people who, somehowe,  
Are yn an awfullie fyx—  
Z-Z-Z-Z!  
Mulled wyne and ale don't myx.

### VI

SIR TANTRUMME to ye caverne comes,  
And he ys sore perplexed.  
Ye gyaunt's footprint he espies:  
Sainte Bubo! 'Tys a goodlie syze!  
And as he stares wyth doubtyng eyes,  
Ye gyaunt from ye cavern flies  
As if he wolde hym pulverize,  
Appearynge sorely vexed.

Woof-woof!

(Continued yn oure nexte.)

### VII

SIR TANTRUMME ys a discrete knyghte  
As any that there be:  
He leaves hys horse, and wyth alle haste  
He gettes behynde a tree—  
Tee-hee!

How madde ye gyaunt be!

### VIII

Ye gyaunt sytteth downe to make  
Hys noontye meale of steede.  
Ye craven knyghte! Soe to desert  
Hys charger yn hys needle—  
Sh-sh!  
Bee notte soe faste! Take heede!



IX

Hys launce SIR TANTRUMME set-  
teth uppe  
As here ye worlde may see,  
And whacks yt home between ye syxth  
And seventh vertebrae.  
Ow-wow!  
Ye gyaunt stikt ys he!

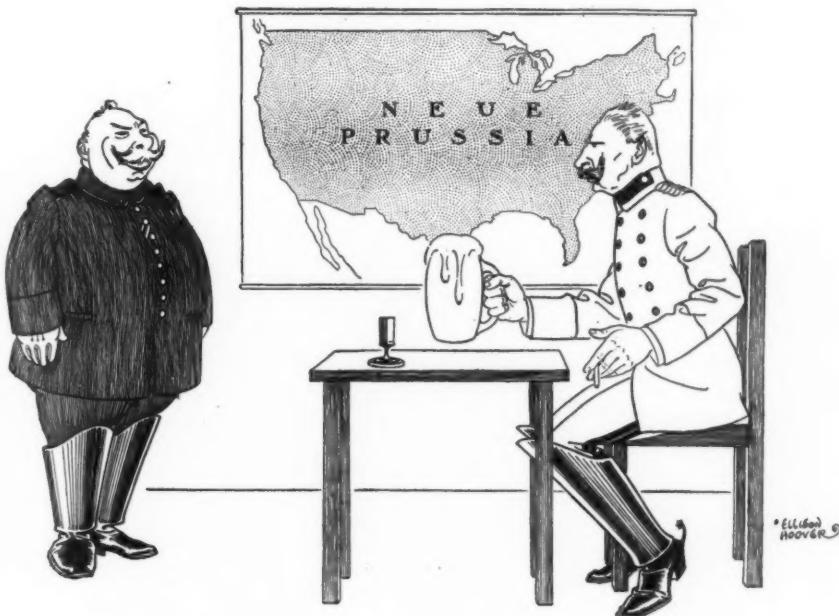
X

Ye gyaunt here ys lyinge dead—  
O beste of happy syghtes!  
(SIR TANTRUMME wonders what  
are worthie  
Ye movynge-pycture ryghtes.)  
Click-click!  
They'll runne three hundred  
nyghtes.

XI

SIR TANTRUMME nowe ys on ye  
stage  
Wyth trained seals and suche.  
Hys profytes come yrollynge yn  
To beate ye very Dutche—  
Ha-ha!  
Tymes haven't changed so  
muche.

*F. Gregory Hartswick.*



"VOT ISS DER NUMBER OF OUR FORCES IN DER UNITED STATES?"  
"VELL, SINCE DEY HAFF CHUST PUT THREE OF DEM IN JAIL, WE HAFF NOW  
ONLY ABOUT TEN MILLION."

The Will To Do

WE are astonished at the people who are astonished that the Standard Oil Company should have increased in value four times since it was dissolved. Why should not any company, after it has properly been dissolved, increase in value if it wants to? But, confidentially, we do not believe that the Standard Oil Company had anything to do with it. It was the Great American People at the bottom of it, after all. They wanted the Standard Oil to do just this thing. And so they first dissolved it, and then insisted upon paying twice as much for oil as oil was really worth, just to have the Standard Oil increase.

The American people said, "When we want a thing done, it is as good as done."

Nobody can get ahead of the American people.

"OH! Why did I ever marry you?"  
"Because I didn't know any better."





# LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST

The contest closed on October 4th, 1915. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

## The Quest of the V. C.

By A. Byers Fletcher

THERE was tumultuous cheering in the ranks of the Irish Guards, somewhere in France. Sergeant O'Reilly, V. C., had returned to the trenches. Two months before, Private O'Reilly had, with a scorching-hot machine-gun, held, single-handed, an important trench after all his comrades had fallen. Incidentally, he had also saved the life of an officer, who lay wounded and exposed on the parapet of the trench. His was but one of many such brave deeds which occurred almost daily along that terrible front, but O'Reilly's deed had the advantage of being conspicuous. Hence his two months' leave, his journey to London and his reception at Buckingham Palace, where the King himself pinned the little bronze cross to his khaki jacket. Hence his public reception in his native village of Tullameelan, where they hung garlands of flowers about his neck, and his old mother wept tears of joyful pride. Hence, too, his return with the sergeant's stripes. The story of the honors heaped upon him had been duly chronicled and illustrated in the press, and had preceded his return to the trenches. Hence his joyful reception by the regiment.

Private Finnessy and Private Moloney had been among the first to grasp the hero's hand, and had joined heartily in the vociferous cheering, but now that affairs had again resumed their normal round, these two companions sat at the bottom of the trench, smoking thoughtfully.

"O'Reilly's a brave man," said Finnessy, then added, after a pause, "the lucky devil!"

"I believe ye," replied Moloney.

"And he only five feet sivin'," continued Finnessy.

"With one punch," said Moloney, contemplating his hairy fist, "I could lift him into the enemy's tranches!"

"Do ye mind how all the girls in Tullameelan kissed him?" said Finnessy.

"I know one girl there that didn't!" said Moloney, hotly.

"And I know another!" as hotly replied Finnessy.

"The papers are nothin' but lyin' rags," said Moloney.

"I believe ye," said Finnessy.

Viciously whistled the bullets across the top of the trench, and a shell or two whined overhead, unheeded by the comrades, long accustomed to the sound.

"But I'm not denyin'," said Finnessy, after a pause, "that the little brown cross is a great temptation to anny girl."

"It is that!" agreed Moloney.

"At five o'clock!" the whisper ran along the trench. Since three o'clock the guns massed on the hills behind them had been sending a shrieking death-storm into the enemy's trenches in front of the Irish Guards. At five, promptly, the storm of shell would cease. At a given signal the men would clamber out over the parapet, make their way through the openings in the wire entanglements, and rush the trenches before them. There was no outward excitement. The aspect of the men remained unchanged, but one could feel the nervous tension. A young subaltern, near Finnessy and Moloney, glanced occasionally at his wrist-watch, and smoked his cigarette more rapidly than usual.

"If he falls," whispered Finnessy to Moloney, "'tis meself that will bring him in."

"You will not," said Moloney, "I've had me eye on him f'r wakes!"

"Ye can have the Major," said Finnessy.

"I'll not!" said Moloney, "'twud take a horse to carry him in!"

The batteries ceased firing. A low whistle sounded. The men grasped their rifles with bayonets fixed. Cold steel alone must do the work now. Another whistle. With a hoarse cheer, the men climbed out over the front of the trench, and the charge was on.

Side by side raced Finnessy and Moloney, with eyes fixed on the young subaltern, who, carrying a rifle, was sprinting on before them. For a few moments

it seemed that the batteries had effectually silenced the trenches of the enemy immediately in front. A hundred yards further and they would be reached. Now, however, from that line of piled earth and barbed-wire came the crackling roar of machine-guns. For a moment the men wavered and many fell, but, with a growl, the others rushed on. Fifty yards further, and then the ground seemed to heave up and hit Finnessy and Moloney. Side by side they lay, with their faces partly rooted in the trampled ground. To their ears came dully the sound of the fierce hand-to-hand fighting beyond them. Slowly they scraped the dirt from their faces and looked at each other.

"Where did they get ye, Finnessy?" asked Moloney.

"In the leg," groaned Finnessy.

"The same f'r me," moaned Moloney.

The bullets of the machine-guns still sang over them, and both men began to dig into the soft earth and pile it into a mound in front of their heads.

Now back across the torn ground came the remnant of the charge, for the trenches had not been taken. Some ran, others walked or crawled or were carried, but always over them and among them whirred the leaden death. Soon Moloney and Finnessy were left alone in their little self-made trenches, for none of their retreating comrades had noticed them.

Twilight was fading, when a brilliant idea flashed across the mind of Finnessy. The intensity of the illumination almost dazed him for a moment.

"Moloney," said Finnessy, "'tis not very strhong ye're feelin', I'm thinkin'."

"Ye'er think-tank is overflowin', shut it off!" growled Moloney.

"Sure, Moloney, ye'r voice is very wake! Ye'll be faintin' in a minute!" said Finnessy, soothingly.

"I'll not!" cried Moloney. "What's eatin' ye?"

"Poor old boy!" purred Finnessy, "ye're in a desperate state. Ye must be rescued. I'm goin' to take ye in!"

"How?" asked Moloney.

"I'm goin' to take ye on me back and crawl in with ye. It's me duty to do it, and England expects every Irishman to do his duty! Me only reward will be ye'er gratitood!" said Finnessy.

Slowly the brilliant idea spread to the mind of Moloney.

"Sure, Finnessy," said Moloney, "'tis brave and kind of ye, but I can't accept ye'er sacrifice. 'Tis ye'rsilf that must

## LIFE

be saved. I can hear the trimble in ye'er speach. No one can say that a Moloney iver deserted a friend! I'll take ye in if I die fr' it!"

"Don't be a fool, Moloney, ye know ye're waker than I am!"

"I'm not!" cried Moloney. "I'm as str'ong as a horse, and I am goin' to save ye or perish in the attempt!"

"Ye silfish baste!" howled Finnessy. "Ye'd spoil me chance for the V. C. would ye!"

"Silfish baste ye'ersilf!" roared Moloney. "'Tis me own chance! And in ye'll go on me back, dead or alive!"

Moloney and Finnessy reached for each other.

Back in the trenches of the Irish Guards the young subaltern, peering through a loop-hole, saw dimly through the growing dusk the struggles of Moloney and Finnessy.

"Poor devils," he muttered, "must be in agony. Didn't know any were left alive out there."

Even as he spoke, a wiry figure beside him sprang to the top of the parapet and started towards the struggling men.

Now the enemy's trench awoke again, but presently, through the zone of death, the subaltern and all who could secure loop-holes, saw that wiry figure slowly crawling, crawling back towards their trench, dragging behind him two reluctant, but exhausted men.

As the limp bodies of Finnessy and Moloney slid down into the trench, a cheer broke forth from the men which



*The Dog: THIS COMES OF MOTORING WITH PEOPLE WHO DON'T KNOW THEIR BUSINESS*

drowned the noise of the firing. Slowly Finnessy and Moloney opened their eyes. The subaltern was speaking:

"Sergeant O'Reilly," he said, "if such a thing were possible, you deserve and should have another Victoria Cross!"

Again the cheers broke forth.

Finnessy looked at Moloney.

"For the love of Mike!" said Finnessy.

"I believe ye!" said Moloney.

tell me I'm bad, so I'm discharged, but they all give me that lecture on how to be good—out of a job." She named places she had worked; stores where the managers and the conditions were notorious. "They gave it to me at Freeman's," she sneered, "and," she jeered, "at the One Price Stores! Everywhere I get it, and not only from you bosses. I see the other girls catch on to my story, and, with looks at me, pass it on. 'Poor Thing,' they whisper, and then, of course, the 'Poor Thing' is fired."

She didn't look like a Poor Thing. She looked like very Brave Thing to this manager of women, but he felt, with his man's intuition, the despair that was washing her courage away. So he was kind.

"How old is the child?" he asked brutally.

"Five."

"Who takes care of it while you're at work?"

"Mother."

"And you support all three?"

"Yes, and," she blazed, "you needn't worry about that. You fire away. I'll make out, somehow. Only don't, don't tell me I'm bad again. I know that, too. Don't I tell it to myself every hour, every day, and, if I forget it for one little hour, doesn't someone remind me?"

He was afraid she'd break, and he didn't want her to; not her. "Too proud, too brave."

"You needn't worry about me, either," he said. "This is a business house, strict-

(Continued on page 171)

## Strictly Business

By Lincoln Steffens

**T**HREE'S an extra, a Christmas girl downstairs, that I think you'll want to keep; she's a worker, but—"

The big store manager looked up at the tall, prim New England woman who was the head of his employment bureau, and he understood. But he was a brute.

"But?" he insisted.

"Her references aren't good."

"Not good?" he said. "You mean they ain't good people?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "they're good people; they're very good people, but—"

"But?"

"They prefer not to speak, for or against."

"I see," he growled. "A case for bad people. Send her up to me."

\* \* \* \* \*

And up came the case, another Puritan, slim, alive, afire.

"I know," she began, "I know what

you're going to say; every word of it. I'm fired, but, first, I must hear a lecture; the same old lecture. So fire away, but cut it short."

"Won't you be seated?" he said politely.

"Thanks," she mocked.

He rose, and, with a chivalrous bow, begged her to "Please be seated."

"No," she declared, decidedly, "I'll take it standing, so I can get out if I don't like—"

"Sit down," he bellowed.

She sat.

He stood glaring at her. "Think I'd let you stand there lecturing and judging me?" he growled. And he lectured and judged her. Then he, too, sat.

"How do you know what I was going to say?" he demanded.

"Because you all say the same thing," she flashed; "everywhere I work. They



HOUSEHOLD DECORATION  
MANTEL ORNAMENTS FOR DOMESTIC CHEER



JANUARY 27, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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MORE and more the United States is called upon to put on a little weight of metal and help to keep the balance of the world. Mere weight of fat, such as we are accumulating just now, won't do it. Inertia we have got, and to spare, but we are very short of means for action in foreign concerns.

In his first two years as President, Mr. Wilson may have thought, and may have been right in thinking, that it was not desirable that power to act effectively in foreign matters should be entrusted to the party now in charge of the government. He showed no effectual leaning towards armament until Bryan had quit the Cabinet after the war had been running nearly a year. He preferred, possibly, to maintain a military incapacity to meddle in Mexico, which suited his policy of keeping out. Now we have no effective force of troops to send into Mexico, even if we should want to.

But Mr. Wilson has come to time. He has called for a bigger army and navy, and a proper military defense establishment. Two months ago he put our armament problem up to Congress. If he was a year late in doing it, that does not alter the fact that it is up to Congress now, and that the energy that has been expended in the Senate in cries for the invasion of Mexico might better be harnessed into the job of increasing the regular army and generally in working out and putting through the army and navy bills.

There has been deep disgust at the

murder of seventeen good American men under circumstances of high exasperation by Villa's bandits. Down on the border, where the men were known, there is red-hot wrath. What do all our wraths come to? We had one about Belgium, another about the Lusitania, others about the Ancona and other ships, and now this one about this brutal murder of seventeen Americans. Are they all to die away and leave no mark?

For our part, we think not. They have seemed to peter out in negotiations, not fruitless, to be sure, but slow and long; but they have doubtless had a cumulative effect in forming public opinion and undermining the arguments of the Bryanites and other pacifists. Every time our national face is spit in, there must be more of us who wonder at what point patience ceases to be virtue. Secretary Lansing says truly that all Americans were carefully warned to keep out of Mexico, but that is not consoling to our people. We don't think a whit less of our seventeen dead brethren because they ventured into Chihuahua under a false assurance of safety, even though it was against the general advice of the administration. We think less of the administration because they were murdered, and will think still less of it until it reaches their murderers.

But the administration has called for a larger military force; for more means to speak and act with vigor. It must have the means. We must count noses and see in this matter who is for the United States and who is for Villard and Bryan. If Bryan owns the country and can get enough votes, let

him run it, but let us find out where the votes are and what they want.

We wish to be patient, but not pusillanimous; long-suffering, but not contemptible, and we all wish to be able to fly the signal, *Americanus Sum*, without apology. Certainly, unless the habitable world can be made at least as safe for Americans as for other folks, the Washington climate will not long continue salubrious for Democrats.



WE know what will happen in the long run to this country, but we don't know much about the intermediate processes. We know it is a great country, with lots of good people in it, and destined to a great future, but what ups and downs it may have we don't know. If great mistakes creep into its guidance it will suffer, and it will have to share the consequences of the sins of the world.

That is the common lot, and we need not lose sleep over it, but we should take thought always that the spirit of the country is honorable and sound. It should not be timid nor lazy nor overbearing. It should be the spirit of a gentleman; of truth, of helpfulness, and of the ready courage that rates all material gains below honor. Whenever such a spirit shines out—out of a man's eyes, out of a country's eyes, as now of France—it wins. Everybody loves the spirit of a gentleman when they get the real thing. Nothing about the French appeals more than their gentleness—their gentle valor, that fights so well, that dies so well. Nothing about the British appeals more than their cheerfulness. Gentleness and cheerfulness are high traits of civilization that make for sanity. Our people have them both, and love them both. The French, and perhaps the English, too, have gentler manner—we have, but neither of them is a under, and, training being equal, neither of them would make better soldiers.

Lincoln, a man of obscure birth, trained in country stores and taverns, had this spirit of a gentleman—of consideration, compassion, humility and courage—that we want to guide and



"John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent,

But now your brow is beld, John;  
Your locks are like the snow;  
Blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo."

bless this country. All the world finally recognized it in him, though it took time. But Lincoln, besides being born, was made. This country made him. It can make men. It cannot make them out of poor stuff, but it can make them out of good stuff, and it will always have the stuff great men are made of. A great leader does not lead as he will. He leads as he must; leads as the essential spirit of the country constrains him to lead. Unless he can—unless he has the brains, the training and the instinctive courage to do it—he goes by the board, and we try another.

We are going to get the thing we ought to have. The spirit of this country is an immense force, and it will compel it. Perhaps we have it now. Perhaps Mr. Wilson is a great man. Perhaps he isn't yet, but we and events can make a great man of him. Perhaps it isn't in him, and we must try someone else; but somehow we shall get our dues. If they are over-dues before we

get them we shall have a bad time, but we'll have to bear it.



ALL the time and everywhere in this country one runs across people who are trying to make the country better. There are a great many of them and they are always at it, wholesale or retail, sometimes with advertisement, sometimes not. Some of them try to do what ought not to be done, but we can bear that because it doesn't stay done even if they do it. It should be a great encouragement to us, sinful ourselves and of a large acquaintance with sinners, that there are such a lot of people in the country who want and try to do it good. Everybody that we can think of in the administration wants to do the country good, but some of our present high officers of government are more successful at it than

others. The least successful, since Bryan quit, is Mr. Daniels. He occupies a place of very high importance just now. He is master of the navy and he does not get on with his men. His men—the men under him and subject to his orders—are the officers of the navy. It is matter of common knowledge that most of them find service under him exceedingly repugnant to their professional feelings. Somehow there does not shine out of Mr. Daniels that spirit above described which we so aspire to have control the policies and actions of this country. Mr. Daniels has lately had to gag some of his admirals because the opinions they expressed about the needs of the navy did not tally with those that he preferred to have expounded. The result is that inexpert readers who have little knowledge of their own about naval matters, are left wondering how much of the naval information that Mr. Daniels puts out is so.

That naval officers should be subject to the civil government is necessary, of course, but that the brains of the navy should be at loggerheads with the Secretary of the Navy is very unfortunate indeed. Such a situation need not continue. We can't spare the navy's brains because we could not replace them. But we could easily replace Mr. Daniels.



OUR good friend the Ottawa *Journal* reproaches LIFE a little for saying that "France has the best case, and her allies shine with reflected light." "Let Britain get equal credit," says our Canadian neighbor.

As for France, she is an invaded country, fighting magnificently for her existence. Her case is the plainest, and in that sense the best. But save for Britain, France would have been crushed before this. Britain went in to save France, to save Belgium, to save civilization and to save herself while she could get help. Anybody who wants a better case than that wants too much. There is credit enough, Heaven knows, for all the Allies.

Germany had a case as against England, but she ruined it in Belgium. Since then Germany has been for Germany, and the Allies have been for all the rest of the world.

LIFE



The Call of the Blood

LIFE





For "De Gustibus" Read "De Moralibus"



THE stage of to-day seems to have broader license than is allowable to those who write about it in reputable prints. In a journal like LIFE, which is intended for the eyes of all ages, it is, for instance, almost impossible to go into the necessary detail for competent criticism of two new plays at leading theatres. If this were a daily newspaper and the events of these plays happened in real life, it might be a public duty to record and even discuss them. As they are merely fiction and not fact, it seems a question whether even the daily press is called upon to describe them or discuss them, except in regard to the propriety of their presentation. They are illustrations of the freedom of to-day's dramatists to put into

flesh-and-blood realism, before miscellaneous audiences, things that would not be mentioned, and certainly not be discussed, in any but the most free-talking circles.

For the reason that it is a strong and very well presented drama, there may be a desire to see "The Pride of Race" greater than repugnance to its theme based on the results of marriage between persons of the white and negro races. Any suggestion of this racial combination is perhaps more repulsive here than it would be in other countries, and certainly its presentation on the stage is more objectionable than any other form of miscegenation, as witness the popularity of "Madame Butterfly" and the tolerance of plays hinging on marriage between Jew and Gentile.

The author of "The Pride of Race" has not been content to stop with the mere fact of marriage, but carries the plot into its terrible consequences. It is a highly improbable drama,

but this is discounted when the author in advance admits, and makes it part of the suspense, that the chances are a million to one against the physiological happening on which his story hangs. With all the objection to its theme, there is no denying that the play grips and moves its audiences from the first to the final curtain. Mr. Robert Hilliard has never shown himself so much an actor as in the rôle of its tainted hero. To his discretion and to the same quality in the excellent work of Kathlene Macdonell and Mr. Kemble Cooper is it due that the performance of the play is not impossible.

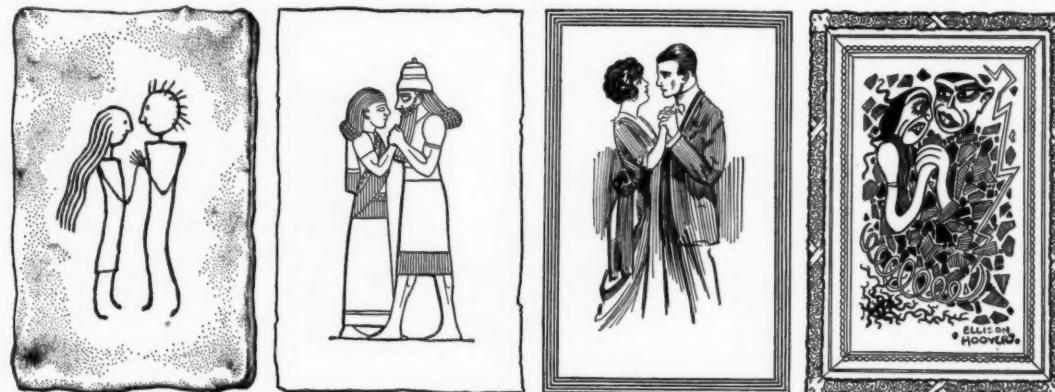
No one who sees "The Pride of Race" can fail to be deeply interested; whether edified or not will be a matter of the personal equation.



A black silhouette of a winged fairy sitting on a horizontal branch. The fairy is facing right, holding a small bird in its left hand. The background is white.



AFTER a long absence the combination of Maude Adams, J. M. Barrie and "The Little Minister" returns to show New York that time does not work its ravages so rapidly as might be imagined in the case of such a delicate mixture of elfish femininity, Scotch wit and stage illusion. It still remains a fine example of clean, wholesome dramatic creation and artistic interpretation giving legitimate enjoyment.



THROUGH THE AGES  
THE ART OF LOVE AND LOVE IN ART



**Doctor: THAT'S STRANGE. THE PULSE IS STILL ABOVE NORMAL.**  
**"ARE YOU SURE YOUR WATCH IS RIGHT, DOCTOR?"**

his studies in the disreputable. The principal scene in the play is a divorce trial, in which the author goes far beyond the point at which newspapers stop in printing testimony. If ever a playwright needed to get his feet out of the mud Mr. Walter is the one. By way of technique, one may wonder where the author got his precedent for a wife's impugning the legal status of her child born in wedlock. Also, by way of correctness in the pretentious setting forth of the cast on the programme, where in law or in English he found the ludicrous "The First Tipstave. The Second Tipstave." The acting of the play, except Josephine Victor's the persecuted wife and Mr. Walter Wilson's trial judge, was far from distinguished.

In its entirety "Just a Woman" seems

more like a stop-gap for an empty theatre than a play with any appeal to good judgment or good taste. *Metcalfe.*



*Astor.*—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Clever and well-played farcical comedy having fun with the money-making aspects of revivalism and the prohibition movement as suggested by the career of Billy Sunday.

*Bandbox.*—The Washington Square Players in a new bill of playlets. See above.

*Belasco.*—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Well-acted and well-staged comedy, with its principal theme some of the humorous things in the practice of medicine.

*Booth.*—"The Fear Market," by Prince Troubetzkoy. Notice later.

*Candler.*—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Interesting drama, well presented and dealing with the long memory of the

police for offenders who have once been brought to their notice.

*Casino.*—"The Blue Paradise." Tuneful and diverting comic operetta of the Viennese type.

*Century.*—Russian ballet. Notice later.

*Comedy.*—"Hobson's Choice," by Mr. Harold Brighouse. Laughable comedy, extremely well acted, and its action laid among small trades folk in a Lancashire suburban town.

*Cort.*—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Comic operetta of American authorship and American in setting. Funny and melodious.

*Eltinge.*—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. One of the funniest of farces, a trifle rough-house but well within bounds. Excellently acted.

*Empire.*—Maude Adams in revival of "The Little Minister." See above.

*Forty-fourth Street.*—"Katinka." Diverting comic operetta, elaborately staged.

*Forty-eighth Street.*—"Just a Woman," by Mr. Eugene Walter. See above.

*Fulton.*—"Ruggles of Red Gap," by Harry Leon Wilson's well-known story of the English valet transferred to the American Northwest. Well played and fairly amusing.

*Garden.*—Hauptmann's "The Weavers." Labor troubles in Germany graphically depicted by Mr. Reicher's good company.

*Globe.*—"Stop! Look! Listen!" Girl-and-music show in its most elaborate development, with Gaby Deslys heading the girl brigade. Diverting.

*Harris.*—"Sadie Love," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Notice later.

*Hippodrome.*—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." All the big resources of the Hippodrome devoted to a brilliant mixture of spectacle, ballet, vaudeville and ice-skating.

*Hudson.*—"The Cinderella Man," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Notice later.

*Knickerbocker.*—Moving pictures, with well-known stage stars in film plays.

*Longacre.*—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. Grand opera back of the scenes shown in the career and life of a celebrated artist. Interesting and very well done.

*Lyceum.*—"Our Mrs. McChesney." The business woman as portrayed in the Edna Ferber stories of the lady drummer, amusingly turned into stage depiction, with Ethel Barrymore in the title part.

*Lyric.*—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and R. C. Megru. The Jew in the cloak-and-suit trade made laughable in another chapter of the careers of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter.

*Marine Elliott's.*—Mr. Robert Hilliard in "The Pride of Race," by Mr. Michael L. Landman. See above.

*Playhouse.*—Grace George in "Major Barbara," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Preparedness and religion for revenue made the target of Mr. Shaw's wit and gift for paradox. Interesting and well played.

*Princess.*—"Very Good, Eddie." After-dinner amusement in very digestible form. "Over Night" changed from a farce into a girl-and-music entertainment, divertingly done.

*Punch and Judy.*—"Treasure Island" Very clever and well-acted stage version of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous pirate story.

*Republik.*—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinhead. Another angle of the double-standard law for men and women made into an interesting and very well acted drama.

*Shubert.*—"Alone at Last." Musically ambitious and amusing comic operetta by the author of "The Merry Widow."

*Thirty-ninth Street.*—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Ansacher. Miss Emily Stephens heading an excellent company in a rather lurid drama purporting to show some aspects of life in New York.

*Winter Garden.*—"Town Topics," revised from the version originally seen at the Century. Notice later.

*Ziegfeld's Frolic.*—A midnight show of eating, drinking, singing and dancing, intended to occupy the attention of revellers between the close of the theatres and breakfast time.

### No Sentiment, Please

If we ought to be in this war as a matter of sentiment, then all his successful efforts to uphold American rights without going to war are a national reproach.  
—*The New York World on President Wilson's foreign policy.*

**W**HEN Belgium's sons and daughters are murdered in their homes, When German shells spell ruin to her cathedral domes, When innocent Americans to briny death are sent, We humbly beg of everyone—don't yield to sentiment!

'Tis right to yield to dollars—we worship them, you know.  
'Tis right to be commercial—our duty tells us so.  
Prosperity for neutrals like us is Heaven meant.  
But don't give in to profitless and sickly sentiment!

### Law and Order

*SCENE: A sitting-room occupied by a lady knitting.*

*Enter Martha, a maid.*

**MARTHA** (*bursting into room, breathlessly*): 'Ere's the Zeppelins, M'm!

**MISTRESS** (*severely*): Martha, you must knock before entering my room, and do straighten your cap.

**MARTHA** (*gaspingly*): Yes, M'm; b-but we'll all be killed, M'm. Oh, wot'll we do! Wot'll we do!

**MISTRESS** (*impatiently*): Pick up my worsted; and, Martha, you must not waken Cook; the last time she almost ruined my breakfast.



"NO, MA'AM; HIS STUMMICK ISN'T ACHIN' NEAR AS LOUD AS IT WAS!"



VICTORY  
"HERE'S HOPING"

**MARTHA** (*still gaspingly*): B-b-but they'll bomb us, M'm. (*Crash in distance.*) They are bombing us, M'm. Help! Help!

**MISTRESS** (*sternly*): Martha!

**MARTHA** (*sobbing, as another crash sounds*): I c-can't help it, M'm. I c-ca—

**MISTRESS**: Be quiet! I want you to find the nearest policeman, and tell him that Mrs. Simpkins is greatly annoyed by the commotion, and wants something done immediately. And—just a moment—get me my writing-case.

**MARTHA**: Yes, M'm. (*Gets case and leaves in a panic.*)

**MISTRESS** (*writing*): "To the Editor of *The Times*. Sir: What is the matter with the authorities in England? Twice, within the past fortnight, I have been bothered by the outrageous actions of a band of marauding Germans—"

(*Loud crash. Part of ceiling falls on table.*)

**MISTRESS** (*brushing the plaster off*): And this room just cleaned! Disgusting foreigners!



"WITH BOTH WINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY HELPLESS THE SITUATION WAS DESPERATE"

### Haeckels Cannot Heckle Now

Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the veteran German biologist and philosopher, expresses the opinion that the war has ended the "illusion" of the existence of a providential God, predestination and the immortality of the soul.—*Current item.*

THE great illusion that the war has ended is the notion that what German professors know and say is so. They are worse discredited than the forty-year-old forts.

The generation now living and dying will never again take them seriously. They are all entitled to receive a communication in these words:

"Gentlemen: Please, for a spell, do not endorse or expound me any more. It hurts my credit. Get a new line on me if you can, but please do not mention it just yet."

"Your friend and well-wisher,  
"TRUTH."

### An Unforgotten Friend

F. P. A. of the *Tribune* has done us a service in reminding us of an old friend, Henry Cuyler Bunner. Since this allusion has been made to the memory of this distinguished literary man and editor, a number have come forward to testify that they still

hold him in grateful memory; that his delightful "Short Sixes" is still read, that his "Love in Old Cloathes" is still cherished. Mr. Bunner was a bright particular star. He lived in Nutley, N. J., since undistinguished except for the quarrels in its board of education. He made it distinguished by his circus, a widely advertised social annual. He had, as an editor, a rare combination of taste and judgment—the sure touch of the genuine literary artist.

### Patriotism

THE greatest country in the world—  
the one which produced ME.



"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK"

### Good Done by Pacifists

THE *Public Ledger's* correspondent aboard the Oscar II reports Editor Sam McClure as saying:

I came aboard a pacifist, but I am converted now to militarism. If we want to raise the greatest American army, we need only march this bunch of pacifists through the country.

The mistake many people have made about Henry Ford's expedition has been to consider only its direct effects. It may be the indirect effect—the reaction—that will be important. The case of Mr. McClure is an illustration.

The whole country was suffering from inaction. Henry Ford acted. He got an idea, and instead of letting it go to seed, like so many American ideas of participation in the war, he cashed a check and tried to carry it out. Very few persons not aboard the Oscar II have been much edified by Henry's idea, but

his effort to act on it was edifying, just as was John Brown's effort to free the slaves. In the

amusing accounts of rows and disparities of proposition aboard the peace-ship there come kind notices of

Henry. Even the pilgrims, whose fingers seem to be constantly in each other's hair, seem still to think very well of their host. Somebody said he was like a man with a fire extinguisher setting out to extinguish Vesuvius; and so he is, but from the Christiania and other papers his character and his motives get the credit they deserve.

### Breaking It Gently

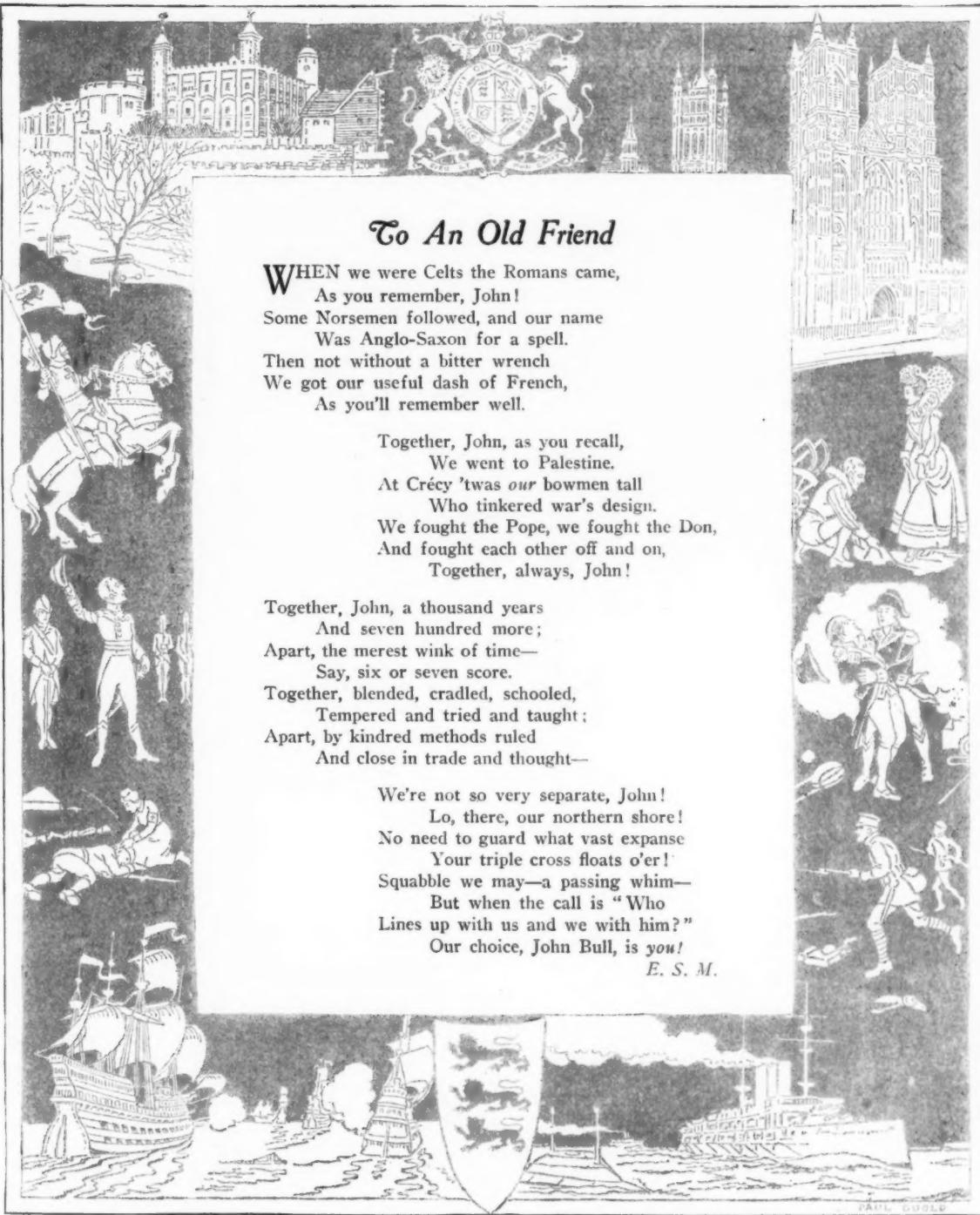
HE had just been accepted.

"Does your father know I write poetry?" he asked, anxiously.

"Not yet, dear," she replied. "I've told him all about your drinking, and your gambling debts, but I couldn't tell him everything at once."



FOR THE SPRING EXHIBITION, WITH BEST WISHES



### To An Old Friend

WHEN we were Celts the Romans came,  
As you remember, John!  
Some Norsemen followed, and our name  
Was Anglo-Saxon for a spell.  
Then not without a bitter wrench  
We got our useful dash of French,  
As you'll remember well.

Together, John, as you recall,  
We went to Palestine,  
At Crécy 'twas *our* bowmen tall  
Who tinkered war's design.  
We fought the Pope, we fought the Don,  
And fought each other off and on,  
Together, always, John!

Together, John, a thousand years  
And seven hundred more;  
Apart, the merest wink of time—  
Say, six or seven score.  
Together, blended, cradled, schooled,  
Tempered and tried and taught;  
Apart, by kindred methods ruled  
And close in trade and thought—

We're not so very separate, John!  
Lo, there, our northern shore!  
No need to guard what vast expanse  
Your triple cross floats o'er!  
Squabble we may—a passing whim—  
But when the call is "Who  
Lines up with us and we with him?"  
Our choice, John Bull, is *you!*

E. S. M.

## LIFE

## "R. C."

By E. V. Lucas

THE letters at the head of this article do not refer to any Royal College, or to the late Lord Randolph Churchill, or to "Randall Cantuar" (as the Archbishop of Canterbury humorously signs himself), or to that comforting form of religion as dispensed by his great rival the Pope. They were copied from a Continental Bradshaw, where you find them or not according as to whether or not a train has a Restaurant Car attached to it. They stand for Restaurant Cars, those structures of brown wood and plate glass which trains in Europe mysteriously pick up and attach to themselves at odd places *en route*, and again, their mission of more or less nourishing the traveler fulfilled, as mysteriously shed.

To Americans, I suppose, it is nothing to eat at a table on a train. But in England there are still millions of people who have never in their own country partaken of food on railway journeys except from nosebags and have never crossed the Channel.

There are also a certain number, both English and Americans, who know the European Restaurant Car

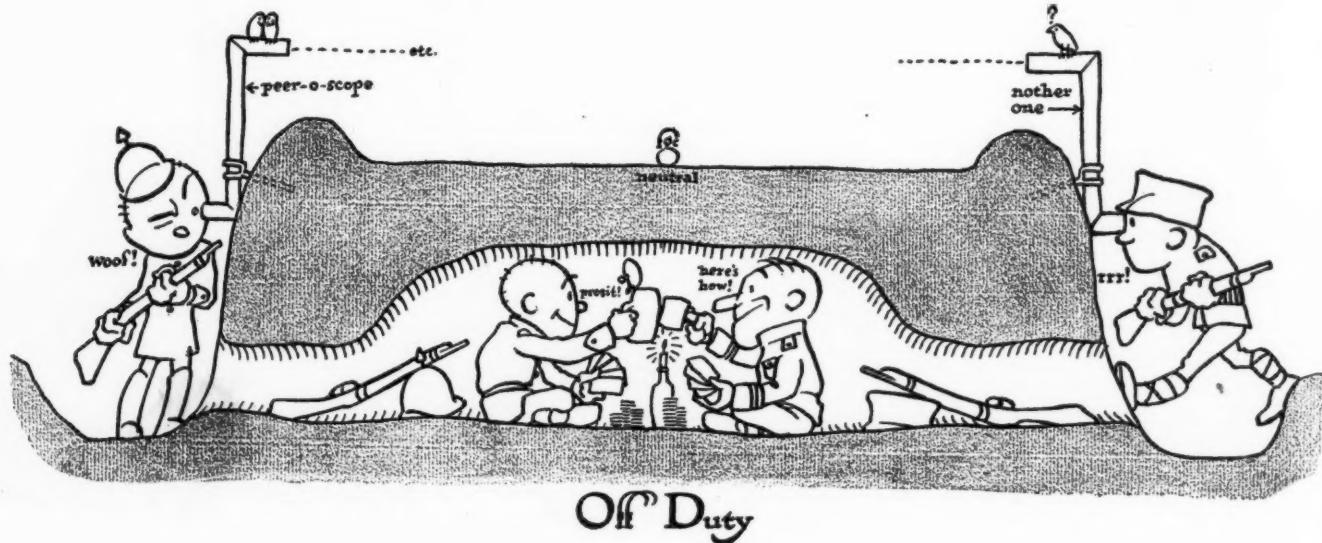
intimately and deem the time spent within it the best part of the journey; and there are those who detest it. Of the latter am I.

When the indictment of the Wagon-lit Restaurant Cars comes to be drawn up, I shall be able to assist very materially. To begin with, there is that offensive autocracy on the part of the attendant which determines where you are to sit, a matter that is much to you and nothing to him, and yet upon which he is absolute and uncompromising. Never has any one yet, taking a seat independently, been permitted to retain it. Secondly, there is the considerable item of ventilation, no *via media* being possible between the two extremes of suffocating heat and a draught that may leave a hundred bitter legacies. I say nothing of the discomforts caused by the oscillation of the train, through which you pour your wine into your neighbor's glass, for that obviously is less the fault of the Wagon-lits than of the track-layer (there is one point between Calais and Boulogne where every bottle crashes on its side); nor is it exactly the car's fault that the peo-

ple who sit opposite you are not only always profoundly and minutely antipathetic, but are so secretive with the salt.

We pass on, then, to more personal charges, such as the wine, which is always very bad and very dear, and the utensils, which those who know may be seen polishing afresh with their napkins (so that it has become a sign of much travel when a man does this), and thus we reach the meal itself. Here again the caprice of the attendants is more marked, a certain type of man always having a full selection of hors-d'oeuvres set before him, including butter, while another group, of which I am a birth-right member, is put off with only one, or at most, two varieties, and those unpalatable. I have spent more pains to get the butter in a Restaurant Car than other men in acquiring virtue; but enough indigestible radishes have surrounded me to sustain Mr. Bernard Shaw's remarkable genius for a week, and enough tasseled sausages to veneer a bathroom. With the rest of the meal it is the same—not only do I dislike the food,

"(Continued on page 177)



## The Theorist



1. "What surprises me more than anything, my dear Podger, is that so many natural phenomena pass by us totally unnoticed."



2. "All my life I have made a point of developing my powers of observation, until nothing now escapes me. You have probably never noticed that—"



3. "The wading birds, when sleeping, invariably stand upon one leg, the body being so perfectly balanced that the equilibrium is maintained without appreciable effort."



4. "The common hare, supposed by most people to run, in reality depends for his motive power on a series of hops or springs, which I here reproduce for your benefit."



5. "In short, nothing can come as a surprise to one who is constantly on the alert."



6. *Angry Autoist:* What's the matter with ye? Walkin' in yer sleep?



WILLIAM'S PRAYER

"... UND STRAFE JOHN BULL UND UNCLE SAM. AMEN."

### Fear and Faith

**S**CENE: *The study of an English gentleman. The owner occupying his easy chair and moodily reading The Times.*

*Enter John, a body-servant, who quietly places some mail on his master's table.*

MASTER (*gloomily casting his paper aside*): The papers seem to think things look bad for the old Empire, John.

JOHN (*pausing*): Is that so, sir?

MASTER (*more gloomily*): Yes; pretty bad, I'm afraid.

JOHN (*loquaciously*): Well, I am sorry to 'ear that, sir; not as 'ow I'm

much of a 'and at the 'alls, sir; but Master 'Arry will miss 'is bit o' fun of an evenin', sir, when 'e's done with the 'Uns, sir.

MASTER (*impatiently*): I'm not speaking of music halls, John: I mean the British Empire!

JOHN (*with astonishment*): Oh! yes, sir; of course, sir. (*With more astonishment*) Oo sez that, sir?

MASTER: The papers; *The Times* and—and others.

JOHN (*soothingly*): They're 'avin' their little joke, sir?

MASTER (*still gloomily*): No, John; they're quite serious.

JOHN (*respectfully*): Yes, sir; quite so, sir. Will you 'ave your tea, sir?

MASTER (*emphatically*): Damn my tea! Confound it, John, don't you ever think of anything but tea, and baths, and boots, and—and things?

JOHN (*agreeably*): No, sir; not me, sir.

MASTER (*controlling himself*): What do your friends think? What does Sarah think?

JOHN (*eagerly*): Sarah thinks as 'ow the grate in Master 'Arry's room needs lookin' into, sir, afore 'e comes 'ome on 'is leave, sir.

MASTER (*most impatiently*): No, no! I mean about the war, John.

JOHN (*less eagerly*): She don't think anythink, sir; she lets Kitch'n'r do that, sir.

MASTER (*sighing deeply*): That's all, John.

JOHN (*thankfully*): Very good, sir; I'll get your tea, sir. (*Exit*.)

\* \* \*

**S**CENE: *Kitchen, below stairs. Sarah, a cook, fussing about the stove.*

*Enter John.*

JOHN (*indignantly*): Master's gone an' et more o' that curried mutton at 'is club; 'e's goin' on somethink awful abaht old Hengland bein' done up.

SARAH (*contemptuously*): Old Hengland bein' done up? Not likely!

JOHN (*with enthusiasm*): That's wot I sez: Not likely!

SARAH (*impressively*): Done up! Lumme; 'e'll be 'avin' the Bank smashed next. If old Kitch'n'r 'eard 'im grousin' like that, 'e'd give 'im wot for.

JOHN (*admiringly*): That 'e would, mate; an' 'e'd say, "'Ere! Don't you eat no more o' that curry."

(*Curtain.*)

### A Few Things That England Has Done for Us

**G**RANTED us our independence. Outdistanced us in the race for democracy.

Laughed at some of our jokes.

Conferred citizenship upon others.

Appreciated Walt Whitman.

Relieved us of Henry James.

Furnished the only noteworthy example of respect for the Monroe Doctrine.

Fought hard for the worthy ideals for which we whimper.

# The NEW Studebaker

THE keynote of the vivid life of today is practical luxury—not the silken self-indulgence of past and degenerate ages but the studied planning to get the utmost of comfort and ease which life can bestow. Yet restraint must be served and shrewd American common sense withal.

A true exemplar of this spirit, this New SERIES 17 Studebaker 4-cylinder Car stands as the embodiment of all that is finest and best among American ideals—beautiful without ostentation, powerful without superfluous—breathing quality in every line that meets the eye and in the most exacting scrutiny of every part.

In price this new Studebaker meets the commendable insistence that full value should not mean excessive cost—eight hundred and forty-five dollars is surely moderate for such a car as this—and a price that only greatly increased volume and efficient, highly organized facilities such as Studebaker's can make a FACT.

## STUDEBAKER

South Bend, Ind. Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.  
Address all correspondence to Detroit

### Four Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger . . .	\$845
Roadster, 3-passenger . . .	825
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger . . .	1145

### Six Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger . . .	\$1050
Roadster, 3-passenger . . .	1025
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger . . .	1350
Coupe, 4-passenger . . .	1600
Sedan, 7-passenger . . .	1675
Limousine, 7-passenger . . .	2500

### F. O. B. Detroit

### Canadian Prices

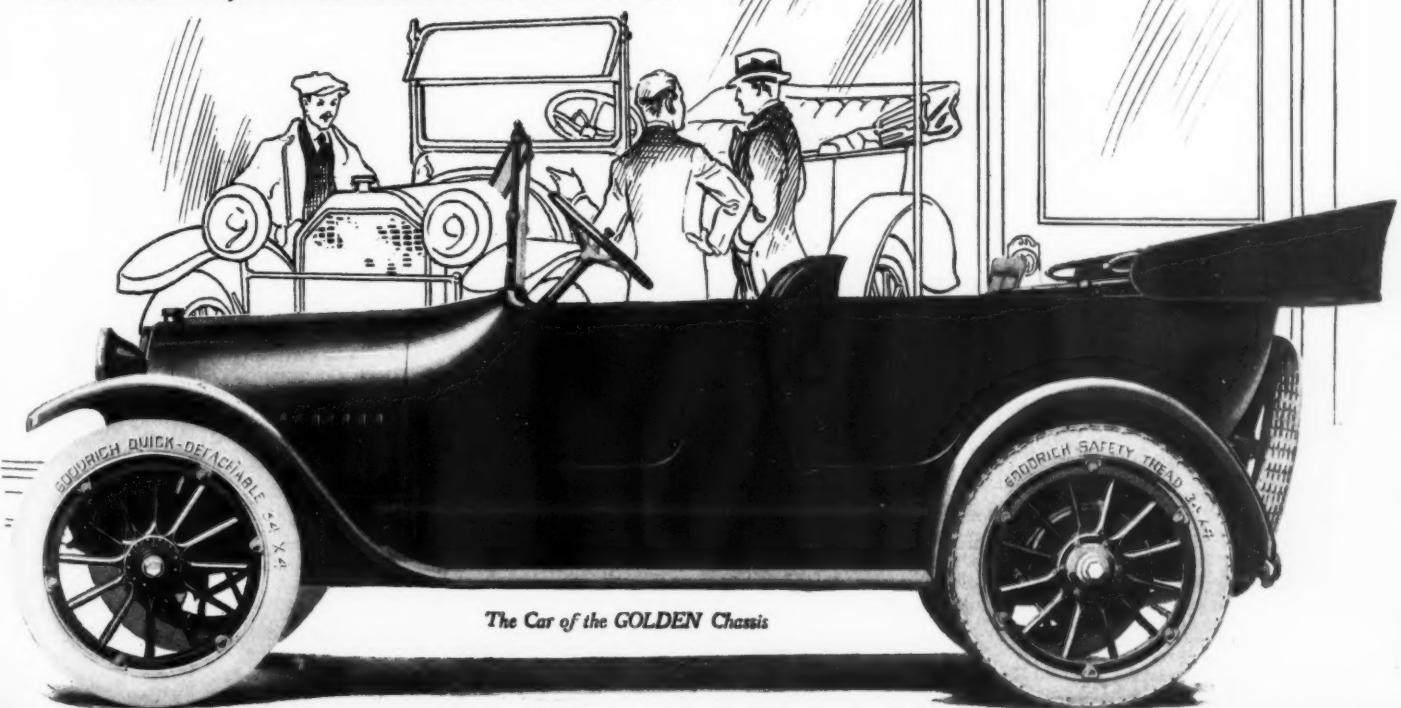
Four Cylinder Models	Six Cylinder Models
Touring Car, 7-passenger . . .	\$1165
Roadster, 3-passenger . . .	1135
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger . . .	1465

### F. O. B. Walkerville

More than 207,000 Studebaker Cars now in use



Series 17  
40 H.P.  
7 passenger  
FOUR  
\$845





## Getting Even

James, 4 years old, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom.

At length bedtime came, and, kneeling beside her, he implored a blessing on each member of the family individually, his mother alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then, rising from his devout posture, the little suppliant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying, as he turned to climb into bed:

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."—*Harper's Magazine*.

"Do you believe in encouraging boys to fight?"

"No more than in encouraging ducks to swim."—*Baltimore American*.

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## Willing To Please

A certain college president wore side-whiskers. Whenever he suggested removing them, there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he entered his wife's dressing-room, razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."

—*Facts and Fancies*.

## Not Biased

THE RECRUITING OFFICIAL: One gran'father living? Is he on your father's or mother's side?

THE RECRUIT: Oh, 'e varies, sir; 'e sticks up for both on 'em—a sort o' nootral.—*London Sketch*.

"I TELL you, my friends," roared the patriot on the stump, "our navy may not be the biggest and finest thing of its kind afloat, but we have two of the finest oceans lapping our shores to sail one on that the history of the world has ever known."—*Topeka Journal*.

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*The enthusiasm for France inspired by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.*

# Perrier

FRENCH NATURAL  
SPARKLING  
TABLE WATER

AMERICAN epicures have always preferred the famous French vintages; they now equally prefer the famous French water, Perrier—the water whose brilliance and captivating delicacy are as natural as the bloom upon the purple cluster.

Perrier is bottled at the Springs in the South of France amidst the glorious French vineyards.

Obtainable at all high-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Grocers.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158, Broadway, New York.



*Bubbling with its own carbonic gas.*



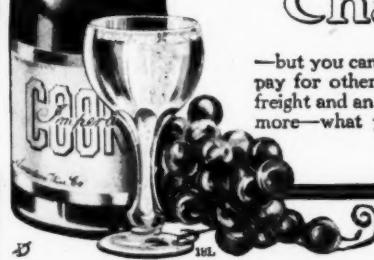
You can pay more  
for a bottle of champagne than for

# COOK'S

Imperial  
Extra Dry  
Champagne

—but you can't get a better, purer wine. What you pay for other wines includes war cost, duty, ocean freight and an excuse, because of the war, to charge more—what you pay for Cook's buys wine.

Cook's knows no other duty than to please you.



AMERICAN WINE CO.  
St. Louis, U. S. A.

## Strictly Business

(Continued from page 154)

ly business. No sentiment, and no scruples. We're here to make money, and we're on the lookout for women who'll work and work hard, for us. We don't mind a little thing like a little child. Fact is, a little—"

She was lifting from her chair.

"Which is it," he asked roughly, "a boy, or—?"

"A girl," she said, and she dropped back.

"The fact is," he resumed, "a little girl at home makes the mother work harder in the store. And that's the report on you. They say you're a hard worker, so I'd like to keep you on, regular, for life."

She lifted again.

"But—" he said.

"But," she collapsed.

"I don't see," he said, "how you can work hard, regular, if you go on telling yourself that lie every hour, every day; that you're bad."

He got up, huffily. "How bad are you, anyway? How good you been since—during the last five years?"

"As good as I was before," she blazed, springing to her feet.

"Um-m," he calculated. "I'll bet you are, and I'll bet that's pretty good. Good enough for us. We ain't so awfully good ourselves. Quick sales, small profits and satisfied customers—lots of 'em. That's what we call good."

She was reaching for him again, with hands, with eyes.

"But," he struck, "you can't do much

**After a  
Stormy  
Day  
Outdoors—**

## Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

AFTER a discomforting, rainy, windy day outdoors, how pleasant it is to reach home and take a bracer of Old Overholt Rye. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond, this distinctive pure Pennsylvania Rye embodies strengthening and toning qualities that help to ward off colds and La Grippe.

A. Overholt & Co.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



## DOES WINTER CURTAIL YOUR EXERCISE?

ASK your doctor how to safeguard your health during this period of physical inactivity. He will tell you to rid yourself of constipation

You can't cure constipation and auto-intoxication by dosing yourself with laxatives and cathartics, which frequently aggravate the condition they are meant to cure.

The use of Nujol is a far safer and more effective means of keeping yourself free from constipation. Nujol is not a drug nor a bowel stimulant. It helps to restore the *normal* activity of the lower bowel by facilitating the action of the intestinal muscles.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol, accept no substitute. We will send a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75c.—money order or stamps.

Write for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." Address Dept. 15.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**

(New Jersey)

Bayonne

New Jersey



for us and the little girl if you're afraid every hour, every day, that you'll be found out and fired. We got to cut out fear."

"You mean?" she gasped.

"I mean," he thundered, "I mean that you got to cut out that every-hour-every-day business. See? It's rot, anyhow. You're as good as anybody and if anybody here says you ain't, you come to me and I'll tell 'em this is a women's business, run for profit; and women; including

mothers; women, children and—money. Y'on?"

She stood there staring; comprehending, and he felt that she wanted to break, but—

"Now, now, none o' that," the brute commanded. "Not here. This is business, strictly business. You get back on your job. D'y' hear?"

"Yes," she nodded; she heard, and she bolted for the door, but as she opened it she turned and she broke:

"God, how I will work! How I will—"



### Wasn't Calling Her Dear

Desirous of buying a camera, a certain fair young woman inspected the stock of a local shopkeeper.

"Is this a good one?" she asked, as she picked up a dainty little machine. "What is it called?"

"That's the Belvedere," said the handsome young shopman politely.

There was a chilly silence. Then the young woman drew herself coldly erect, fixed him with an icy stare, and asked again:

"Er—and can you recommend the Belva?"—*Kansas City Star*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. In stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### His Number

TEACHER: I'm surprised at you, Sammy Wicks, that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America! What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?

SAMMY: "Columbus—1492."

TEACHER: Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you never see it before?

SAMMY: Yes'm, yes'm; but I always thought it was his telephone number.

—*Harper's Magazine*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
50 cents the case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

**EGYPTIAN DEITIES**  
*The Ultim in Cigarettes*  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

*Anargyros*  
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World.



### "DON'T SHOUT"



### Footing the Bill

Mr. Newman had just recovered from an operation and was talking to a friend.

"The surgeon," he remarked, "said he'd have me on my feet again in three weeks."

"Well, he did it, didn't he?" asked the friend.

"He did, indeed," responded Mr. Newman. "I had to sell my motor-car to pay his bill."—*Christian Register*.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect  
Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

LADY: (to prospective charwoman): What do you charge per day?

CHARWOMAN: Well, mum, two-and-six if I eats meself and two shillings if you eats me.—*Punch*.



"WAIST NOT, WANT NOT"

## A Good Drink Every Time!

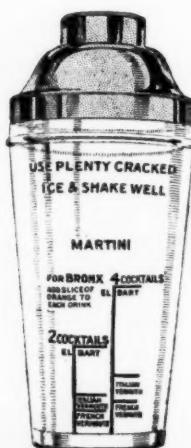
Cocktail, Rickey, or any other drink made with EL-BART Dry Gin is bound to be good.

Triple distilled, fragrant, crystal clear, it's impossible to make better Gin than EL-BART.

Order EL-BART the next time you take a drink, or make

### An EL-BART Cocktail at Home

Send for this unique EL-BART glass shaker. Recipes right on the glass will teach you to make the best cocktail you ever tasted.



This shaker will be sent postpaid, or delivered upon application, for one label from an EL-BART Dry Gin Bottle and 25c. in cash or stamps. (Be sure to send an EL-BART DRY GIN Label.)

Address: EL-BART, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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State and County \_\_\_\_\_



## The Perfect Dress Tie The Tie With The Button-On Tabs

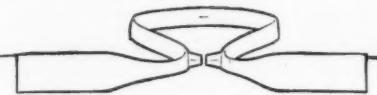
is the *only tie* that knows its place and keeps it.  
It is *one and indivisible* with your front collar button, unless you *deliberately undo it*.

Fashion decrees the *poke collar* with evening dress this season. Smartness decrees the "Perfect Dress Tie."

Sold in the Best Shops  
White or Black  
50 Cents and Better

Look for the name, "The Perfect Tie," on each neckband, and don't be misled.

**KEYS & LOCKWOOD**  
New York



### Extracts from a Golfer's Dictionary

**NIBLICK:** A light iron scoop designed to help the golfer lift his ball over a bunker, or to drive a handful of sod into his caddie's mouth as a gentle hint to him to keep it shut.

**TURF:** Grass-covered sods put on the surface of the links to act as a buffer between the player and the center of gravity.

**TWOSOME:** Two portions of golf served with a couple of caddies on the side.

**THREESOME:** A twosome plus one in which the player's chances of winning are increased from two to one to three to one.

**FOURSOME:** An attempt to monopolize the links by four persons for a ball a hole.

**FORE:** A number frequently set down on the score card by expert accountants when they have done a hole in anywhere from seven to thirteen. Also a warning to a player in front that you are about to drive your ball into the back of his neck if you can.

**NINETEENTH HOLE:** An objective soda-water hazard played with a high-ball just previous to the long drive homeward.

### A Day Behind

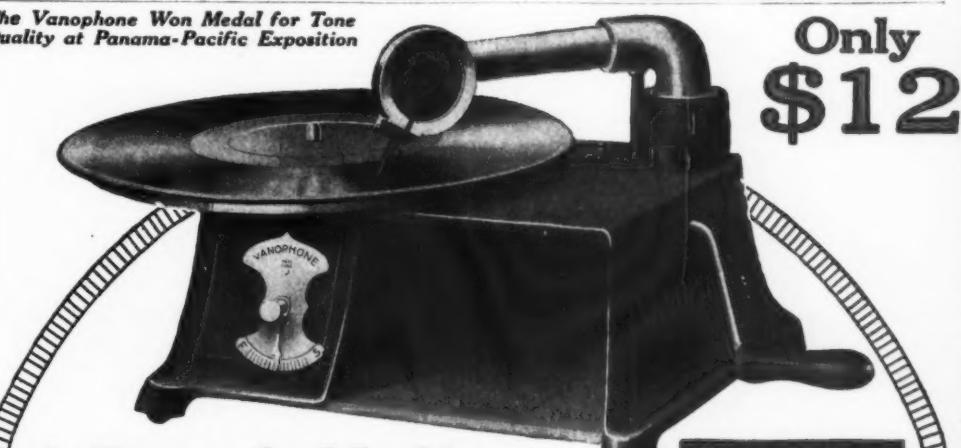
In the wee hours of the morn, the suburbanite got off the train at the home station. Going to the telegraph office, he sent this message: "Will not be at the office to-day. Am not home yesterday yet."—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

*The Vanophone Won Medal for Tone Quality at Panama-Pacific Exposition*

Here's to You, John Bull!

THOUGH you grumble  
Like a bumblebee in a bramble,  
Dear old John;  
Though you stumble,  
Topple, tumble,  
Still you scramble  
Up and on.

Though it's rough, John,  
You're the stuff, John.  
Biggest puddle  
You ever knew.  
How it splashes  
Your galoshes!  
But you'll muddle,  
Muddle through.



Only  
**\$12**

## A Remarkable New PHONOGRAPH

Sent for  
**FREE TRIAL**

Please consider this latest addition to the Phonograph Family with an open mind. Judge it not by price—but by performance only. We give you the privilege of hearing this remarkable new Phonograph without the slightest expense or obligation.

Send us your name and address on Coupon below (or in personal letter) and we will offer you a Free Demonstration that will enable you to judge for yourself the unsurpassed purity, volume and richness of tone and amazingly faithful reproductive ability of this perfect Phonograph.

You will be perfectly free to test this new instrument, compare its performance with even the highest priced Phonographs, and form your own unbiased conclusions as to its merits. Mail the Coupon today and get our Free Trial Offer on this new and wonderful instrument—

## The VANOPHONE

### "Costs You Nothing To Give It A Hearing"

The VANOPHONE was designed and built especially to supply the enormous demand for a perfect phonograph at a moderate price. In quality of performance it satisfies the most exacting, and brings alike to the millionaire's mansion or workingman's cottage the delights of good music and entertainment. With the VANOPHONE in your home, you need never pass a dull evening.

It offers you the very cream of the world's best music, both instrumental and vocal: notable speeches, recitations and monologues by great orators and stage celebrities. It brings right into your home the stars of grand opera, world-famous bands and orchestras that have thrilled and inspired millions of music lovers.

The VANOPHONE appeals to all ages and tastes. It educates, entertains and satisfies both young and old, reproducing with marvelous fidelity everything in speech

and music produced on disc records. For quiet home enjoyment, dances, club use, parties or outings, this remarkable phonograph has no superior at any price. You may own one for only \$12.

The VANOPHONE is an all-metal machine, beautifully enameled in black and gold. Has an automatic brake which automatically starts and stops the machine (a feature not found on some of the very highest priced phonographs) and a new and improved reproducer that reproduces with a clear, bell-like fullness, the highest as well as lowest tones. All harsh, rasping effects have been entirely overcome in this latest musical creation.

Mere description of the VANOPHONE conveys little idea of its real value. Tones tell more than talk. "Hearing is believing." Listen to this remarkable instrument—then decide! Let your verdict be based on the test we give. Write or mail the coupon today.

### DEALERS

Do you realize the enormous demand that is daily growing by leaps and bounds for this remarkable new and perfect phonograph at a price that places it within reach of *every home*? Only \$12. If you are in position to handle the VANOPHONE in your trade territory, write at once for our attractive offer to Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers and General Merchants, who are willing to supply the demand we have created.

### Write or Mail Coupon Today!

We will gladly send our Special Free Trial Offer on the VANOPHONE to any reader of LIFE. Letter, postal or coupon brings it promptly. The VANOPHONE is only \$12 anywhere. Ask your dealer. If he can't supply you, address—

**The Garford Manufacturing Co.,  
Dept. G ELYRIA, OHIO.**

Name.....

Please send me full particulars about your VANOPHONE and Special Free Trial offer to readers of LIFE.

**Mail Coupon  
for This Big  
Special Offer**

**THE GARFORD  
MANUFACTURING CO.  
Dept. G Elyria, Ohio**

Address.....

# FOWNES GLOVES

You are not particularly interested in the kind of gloves your great-grandfather wore.

You are interested in getting your money's worth in glove wear now.

But if John Fownes had not satisfied your great-grandfather and other particular persons,—we might not be able to make you such good gloves today.

John Fownes, founder, set the standard which we have followed—and improved,—since 1777



RAISING THE DEVIL

## Atwood Grapefruit As to Flavor, in a Class by Itself.

Price about the same as the common variety.  
Your dealer will supply it.



### Young England

BRAVE mouths that make so fine a roar

With warrior speech and pen,  
Hot gospellers of patriotism  
Strictly—for other men;  
Telling us all that you would do,  
Were you but boys again.

Oft as I read your burning words,  
I wonder you've the nerve,  
Your own skin safe, so loud to bid  
The other fellow serve;  
You're not so much beyond the age—  
I've happened to observe.

Not fifty yet! So says "Who's Who"—

Who knows! Your turn may come,  
And then I wonder how you'll like  
The music of the drum,  
And other instruments they play—  
Say shrapnel or dum-dum.

Don't be too hard upon the lads  
That hesitate to go;  
If you'd a girl to leave behind,  
You might not hurry so,  
Or an old mother that you loved  
Beyond all things below.

Don't be afraid! The English lads,  
And English lasses too,  
Are every bit as brave a breed  
As England ever grew,  
And ready as their granddads were  
To see old England through.

I almost think they're better stuff,  
Though you may not agree,  
Than the generation just before  
That boasted you and me;  
They are more quiet about it all  
Than youngsters used to be.

Scarce more than kids, they take it all  
In such a stoic way;  
It's years since boys and girls have had  
Such grown-up parts to play—  
I doubt if you or I had shown  
Up half as well as they.

*Richard Le Gallienne.*

## DETROIT SPRINGS SELF LUBRICATING

Need no shock absorbers.  
Cushion both upward and backward shocks

### DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS CO.

Detroit Michigan



THE boy's room at school is often an expression of the good taste and refinement that the school inculcates. Pleasant environment, too, makes for good scholarship.

The announcements of the best schools can be found in Scribner's Magazine every month. If detailed information is desired, address

## Scribner's Magazine School and College Service Department

Scribner Building, Fifth Avenue  
Room 711 - - New York

### Historical Item of the Future

*The Gasoline Riots in New York*

ON the morning of the third day a large mob of auto owners collected in Madison Square Garden and threatened to burn the city. The price of gasoline had gone to a dollar a gallon the night before. The Mayor was powerless. Bands of desperate men, starving for gasoline, were marching over the surrounding country. Walking was taught in many schools—others learned it by themselves. \*\*\*

## Revised Maxims

*A la John Bull*

"I PROPOSE to muddle it out on this line, if it takes all this summer and the next and the next."

"Eeny, meeny, mina, mo, catch a Moslem by the toe; if he hollers let him go; eeny, meeny, mina, mo."

"You can drive the German navy into Kiel, but you cannot make it sink."

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the censor is flightier than the sword."

"The race is not always to the Winston Churchill."

"Nothing succeeds, in the end, like failure."

## Cynical Parent

"What are your daughters studying now?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Cumrox. "They've learned all about music, painting an' literature. All they've got left to learn is not to bother people with them."—*Washington Star*.



*An Uniquely Attractive Hotel*

One rarely finds a hotel in any large city that offers the same exceptional possibilities for comfort and convenience as does the

### Hotel Bossert

Its situation is exclusive and of quiet charm, its atmosphere refined and homelike, its management experienced, its cuisine and service of the highest order. Located on the aristocratic Brooklyn Heights with a sweeping view of the harbor, yet within 20 minutes of the center of New York.

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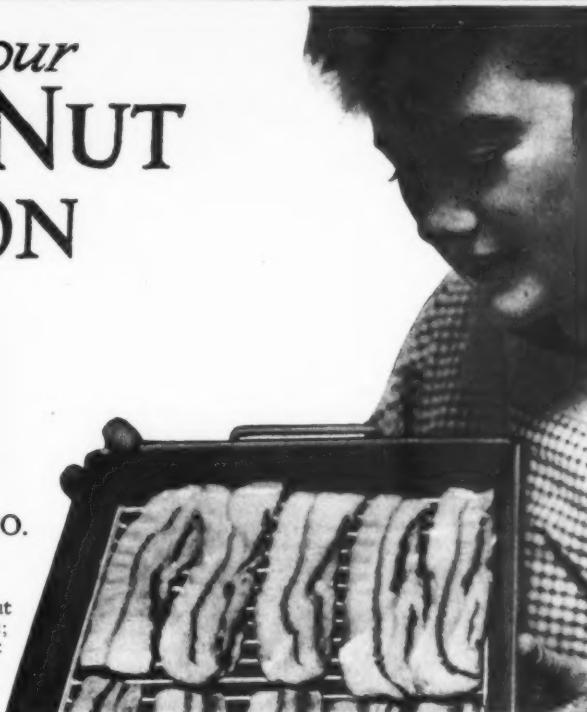


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ASK YOUR DEALER



### ORIGINS AND DESTINY OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN

By J. A. CRAMB

Net, \$2.00

A profound and brilliant study of the gradual evolution of the English ideals of freedom.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

### Cacogenics

IF eugenics is the science of improving offspring, then we ought to have a word for the science of injuring offspring. For this, cacogenics will do very nicely. It is the exact antonym and formed in a perfectly regular manner.

The proper study of eugenics begins with cacogenics. The first task the eugenist should set himself is to seek out and eliminate all those obvious things which are injuring the race. Then the eugenist can turn his attention to the job of working out beautiful idealities. But when he has thoroughly mastered cacogenics, he will probably find himself more than half done and that the rest can safely be left to the beneficent laws of nature.

### Examine the Nail Head

Next time your horse is shod get a look at the nails. On each Capewell nail head there's a trade mark like this. The Capewell is the world's best nail—best at a fair price, not cheapest regardless of quality. To get the safest, best holding, easiest driving nail you must insist upon The Capewell. The Trade Mark makes its identity easy.



# Carstairs Rye

EST. 1788

### Twenty-nine Years Before the First Canal Was Built

Carstairs Rye had reached the "top notch" of perfection. This same perfection—so much enjoyed in the "good old times"—is yours today, in the non-refillable bottle—"A Good Bottle to Keep Good Whiskey Good."



"IT'S NO USE. I HAVE BEEN HERE TEN MINUTES AND SHE HASN'T SCREAMED ONCE."

Not built to compete in price, but to excel in service—

## HARDMAN "Sure Grip" Tires

Extra heavy traction tread—a feature of superior construction.  
Guaranteed for 5,000 miles.  
Write for price list and address of nearest dealer.

**Hardman Tire and Rubber Co.**  
New York Office, 1904 Broadway  
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Agencies throughout the United States

QUICK DETACHABLE C.L.

# CASCADE

## PURE WHISKY

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT

THE best of grain—re-distillation—purification—honest aging in the wood—these are the things that make certain the purity and mellowness of Cascade Pure Whisky.

Original Bottling has Old Gold Label.

**GEO. A. DICKE & CO., Distillers**  
Nashville, Tenn.

4-AL

**Do you water paper flowers?**

**—do you nurse an imitation knowledge?**

**—do you know anything about the Theatre? Or do you just talk about it?**

To *know* the Theatre — you must study the Theatre, through

**THE THEATRE MAGAZINE**

What is the first thing you think of when you visit a great city? Where do your thoughts fly when you plan an amusing way to spend an evening? To the Theatre—of course—And what can you know about a play unless you first read an intelligent review of that play? The Theatre Magazine is a magazine of the stage,—bright, catchy, up-to-date—filled with photos of everybody on the stage and with stories of them, and interviews with them, and—clever—no end clever. It is a mark of intelligence to read it. We make you a special trial offer of four months for \$1.00—just to prove our statement to you. Pin a dollar to the strip below and mail to us. The February number will reach you promptly.

**The Theatre Magazine**

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Please send me The Theatre Magazine for four months as a special trial offer.

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**Visitor (in bed): BUT I NEVER SAY NO PRAYERS WHEN I'M HOME.**

**"THAT'S ALL RIGHT; BUT THIS IS A FOLDING BED."**

This size TRIAL BOTTLE sent free

Your home should never be without Dioxogen. It is the first protection against infectious disease. Dioxogen is not ordinary peroxide. It is 99.961/1000 per cent. pure—entirely free from acetanilid, the bitter, questionable preservative which other peroxides require. It is stronger, too. That you may know what Dioxogen is, we will gladly send you this trial size bottle, on request. Write today.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 10 Astor Place, New York



"NOT HALF BAD"

A bottle in the hand is worth two on the shelf if it's—

"King George IV" Whisky  
The "TOP-NOTCH" Scotch

## "R. C."

(Continued from page 166)

but others get more than I. Some travelers who seem to possess many of the stigmata of the gentleman are able even to ask for a second helping. That these men fill me with a kind of perverted admiration I will not deny, but I cannot imitate them. I cannot interrupt a Wagon-lit waiter in what seems to be as much a natural and irresistible process as the passage of water at Niagara. I have not that courage, that self-assertiveness. Nor do I care enough.

And then the delays between the courses; the injustice of the distribution, by which the same table again and again gets the first chance at the new dish; the strain of the noise of it all, aggravated by the anxiety that one feels when a waiter lurches along balancing a thousand plates at once—such are a few only of the damaging criticisms which I am prepared to bring against the Restaurant Car.

But (such is the sharpness of the serpent's tooth) do you suppose for an instant that any single one of these charges would be endorsed by the small person of comparatively tender years, now at school, whom it is my quaint fortune to call daughter and to have to clothe and support? Not one. Anything less filial than she would become if she were asked to back me in the matter could not be imagined. For to her, the Wagon-lit Restaurant Car is the true earthly paradise, and travel on the Continent merely a means of gratifying her passion for eating on trains. Her expression of joy on taking what, in such places, they call a seat, a stubborn, resisting, struggling thing which has to be held down by main force before you can occupy it, is amazing. Her happy excitement on reading the menu and finding the same tiresome dishes is incredible. Her delight in every moment of the meal is my despair. But no reverses can change her, and if she asks how long does it take to get from Paris to Rome, and, after working out the journey with infinite trouble, I tell her, it is only that she may compute the number of Wagon-lit lunches and dinners that will fall to her ecstatic lot. She even likes the ice pudding; she even likes her neighbors.

As a fond father, I say, then, let the Restaurant Cars go on. But when peace returns, and Europe is again unlocked, and I travel once more (as in the Golden Age) from Calais or Boulogne to Paris, if I am alone I shall again provide myself with the basket from the buffet which contains half

a chicken and half a bottle of claret and a tiny corkscrew and an apple or a pear and bread and butter and a piece of Gruyère and a paper napkin, and eat it in seclusion in a compartment which the other people have left in order to avoid each other's eyes and be balked of sufficient nourishment amid all the clatter and nervousness of the Restaurant Car.

"HERE'S hard luck."

"What's that?"

"Flubdub's wife wants him to pay the income tax on the alimony he gives her."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

# FREE TO YOU

## FOR 10 DAYS

The World Famous Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner

Yes, Madam, that is exactly what we mean. We will send you one of our superb, BRAND NEW easy gliding and deep cleaning Frantz Premier Electric Cleaners on 10 days' FREE Cleaning trial. We are going to loan you free, this splendid cleaner for 10 whole days. Remember, this free loan won't cost you a penny. We even pay all delivery charges. We bear every expense. All you have to do is to use it to your heart's content for all cleaning purposes about the house!

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Simply sign and mail the coupon below or write us and we will send you the full details of this wonderful free loan offer, and also our beautifully illustrated booklet.

No strings are attached to this free loan offer. We want you to use the Frantz Premier for 10 full days. Just as though it were your own. Clean your carpets and your rugs with it. Try it on your furniture, mattresses and walls. Use it in all the nooks and corners. We want you to see for yourself how it picks up threads, lint and ravelings and every speck of dust and dirt.

And then, at the end of 10 days' free trial, if you are not more than half satisfied with the cleaner, you may return it, or we will send for it, without a cent of cost or obligation on your part. But if you decide that you simply cannot get along without it, then you may keep the cleaner and pay for it.

**Easy Monthly Payments**

The cleaner goes to you right from our factory, or direct from our dealer, if we have one in your town. First you get the free trial and then the easy monthly payments. And, remember, you get the rock bottom factory price—you do not pay a penny more because of this special Easy Monthly Payment Plan.

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# \$2 Invested in Vogue Will Save You \$200

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford!

Why take chances again this year when by simply sending in the coupon, and at your convenience paying \$2—a tiny fraction of the loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can insure the correctness of your whole wardrobe?

# VOGUE

## SUGGESTS:

*that before you spend a penny on your new clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult its great Spring and Summer Fashion numbers! Beginning with the*

## FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS\*

and continuing for six months (twelve numbers — see list below) you will receive the most complete presentation of styles ever offered American women. During the very period when these numbers appear you will be selecting your Spring and Summer wardrobe and paying hundreds of dollars for the suits, gowns, etc., you select.

Vogue is a beautifully illustrated magazine; the acknowledged authority on what is worn by well-dressed American women. Here are your twelve numbers (and one extra):

## **FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS, FEB. 1\***

## The earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring Mode

- |  |                |                             |                |
|--|----------------|-----------------------------|----------------|
| <b>Spring Millinery</b>  | <b>Feb. 15</b> | <b>American Travel</b>      | <b>May 15</b>  |
| The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures           |                |                             |                |
| <b>Spring Patterns and New Materials</b>                       | <b>Mar. 1</b>  | <b>Summer Fashions</b>      | <b>June 1</b>  |
| Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe      |                |                             |                |
| <b>Paris Openings</b>  | <b>Mar. 15</b> | <b>In the Country</b>       | <b>June 15</b> |
| The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the mode |                |                             |                |
| <b>Spring Fashions</b>   | <b>Apr. 1</b>  | <b>Hot Weather Fashions</b> | <b>July 1</b>  |
| The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories          |                |                             |                |
| <b>Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes</b>                      | <b>Apr. 15</b> | <b>Hostesses</b>            | <b>July 15</b> |
| First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means      |                |                             |                |
| <b>Brides and Summer Homes</b>                                 | <b>May 1</b>   | <b>London and Paris</b>     | <b>Aug. 1</b>  |
| A journey 'thru' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride    |                |                             |                |

**"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does;  
the tenth is a reader of VOGUE"**

Panniers, tight pointed bodices, skirts wider and longer—a harking back to the eighteenth century modes—is one of the strong tendencies of the Spring. This robe de style, created for the famous French actress, Sorel, for her recent appearance in "*Le Mariage Forcé*," is a charming example of the period which is now influencing the Spring fashions.



## \*OUR SPECIAL OFFER

**T**HE Forecast of Spring Fashions Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose the \$2 with the coupon below, we will send you, with our compliments, this earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring mode, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve.

Or, if more convenient, send coupon without money. Your subscription will then start with the Millinery Number, and continue through the next eleven numbers.

**VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City**

Send me twelve numbers of **Vogue**, beginning with the Forecast of Spring Fashions Number 1st March 1916. I enclose herewith \$2, and I will remit \$2 on receipt of bill. Name..... Street..... City..... State..... L-1-27-16

Send me twelve numbers of **Vogue**, beginning with the Forecast of Spring Fashions Number 1st March 1916. I enclose herewith \$2, and I will remit \$2 on receipt of bill. Name..... Street..... City..... State..... L-1-27-16

## Shall Professors Form a Union?

*Headline in the Nation*

**T**O be successful, all unions must be founded on a necessity. It seems to us, therefore, that the professors should, by all means, have a union, for how can we get along without them?

Without professors we would never know whether we were educated or not. There would be no safe criterion.

Now, when any professor who has had us under his personal charge for a number of years, tells us that we are educated, we know that we are not. That is a valuable contribution to the state and to our own knowledge.

It is true that the knowledge that we are not educated does not always come to us until sometime afterwards. But that does not make it any less or important or valuable.

Professors are highly useful, because they place us early in life in possession of a body of useless facts which do not rise up later on to hamper us. Having once become acquainted with them, (even if the acquaintance be but slight), we get to know them well enough to avoid them in the future. That makes a great difference to all of us, and the professors ought to get the credit. This, we regret to say, is not always the case. Professors are often accused of conveying useful information. That is one of the burdens that they have to bear. Every one of us is more or less misunderstood. The professors are no exception. Without them we should go on, perhaps, all our lives learning useless things, firmly believing, for example, that the study of philosophy is important, that sociology is an asset to the plain people, that political economy is beneficial to somebody and that theology helps us to know God.

Think of what a handicap that would be to a person of ordinary intelligence. The professors ought to be protected. They ought to form a union in defense of their inalienable rights to provide our youth early enough in life with all the useless information there is, in order that thereafter they may be free to do things that are worth while.

**W**E are apt to feel left out of all progress because we are not in the war.

But no! A headline reads:

WORLD LOOKS TO AMERICA  
HERE ALONE MOTOR CAR DESIGN HAS  
PROGRESSED

*Old logs are burnin' on the hearth,  
Old friends are gathered 'round,  
Old pipes a-glow—forget the snow  
That's coverin' the ground.  
Each puff of VELVET brings a breath  
Of sunny skies and fields;  
Thar's summer sunshine in the warmth  
That fragrant VELVET yields.  
The latch-string's always hangin' out  
For good friends, old an' new.  
Come on inside, my hearth is wide,  
I've saved a place for you.*

*Velvet Joe.*

**WE** all want a cool smoke. VELVET is cool. Most of us want a mild tobacco. VELVET is the mildest of pipe tobaccos, being the choicest Kentucky Burley leaf. But VELVET'S mildness is not of the "milk and water" kind. VELVET is noted for its full-bodied qualities.

And every smoker can appreciate VELVET'S age-mellowed smoothness, the result of two years' maturing—Nature's own way.

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10c Tins  
5c Metal-lined Bags  
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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

-at good places  
you don't need to  
mention the name  
Just ask for  
the best cigarette



A Shilling in London  
A Quarter Here